Shakspeare

MACBETH

A TRAGEDY

BY SHAKESPEAR.

WITH EXPLANATORY NOTES

SELECTED FROM

DR. JOHNSON'S AND MR. STEEVENS'S

COMMENTARIES.

GOETTINGEN,

TO BE SOLD BY I. C. DIETERICH.

1778.

Dramatis Perſonae.

Duncan, *King of Scotland.*

Malcolm, Donalbain, } *Sons to the King.*

Macbeth, Banquo, } *his Generals.*

Lenox, Macduff, Roſſe, Menteth, Angus, Cathneſs, } *Noblemen of Scotland.*

Fleance, *Son to* Banquo.

Siward, *General of the* Engliſh *Forces.*

Young Siward, *his Son.*

Seyton.

Lady Macbeth.

Lady Macduff.

Hecate, *and three* Witches.

SCENE, *in the End of the fourth Act lies in* ENGLAND; *through the reſt of the Play, in* SCOTLAND; *and chiefly, at* MACBETH's *Caſtle.*

MACBETH.

ACT. I.

SCENE I.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter three Witches.

1. *Witch.* When ſhall we three meet again
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?
2 *Witch.* When the hurly-burly's done,
When the battle's loſt and won.
3 *Witch.* That will be ere ſet of ſun.
1 *Witch.* Where the place?
2 *Witch.* Upon the heath.
3 *Witch.* There to meet with *Macbeth.*
1 *Witch.* I come, *Grimalkin* [1] —
All. *Podocke* calls — anon!
Fair is foul, and foul is fair [2];
Hover through the fog and filthy air.
Exeunt.

1. *Grimalkin* — Mr. Upton obſerves, that to underſtand this paſſage we ſhould ſuppoſe *one familiar* calling with the voice of a cat, and *the other*, Podocke, with the croaking of a toad.
2. *To us*, perverſe and malignant as we are.

SCENE II.

Enter King, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENOX, *with Attendants, meeting a bleeding Captain.*

King. What bloody man is that? he can report,
As ſeemeth by his plight, of the revolt
The neweſt ſtate.

Mal. This is the ſerjeant,
Who like a good and hardy ſoldier fought
'Gainſt my captivity. Hail, brave friend!
Say to the King the knowledge of the broil,
As thou didſt leave it.

Cap. Doubtful it ſtood:
As two ſpent ſwimmers that do cling together,
And choak their art: the mercileſs *Macdonel*,
(Worthy to be a Rebel; for, to That
The multiplying villainies of nature
Do ſwarm upon him) from the weſtern iſles
Of [3] *Kernes* and *Gallow-glaſſis* was ſupply'd
And Fortune, on his damned [4] quarry ſmiling,
Shew'd like a rebel's whore. But all too weak:
For brave *Macbeth* (well he deſerves that name)
Diſ-

3. Kerni, pedites levioris, Galloglaſſii pedites gravioris armaturae. v. *Waraei* antiq. Hiber. cap. 6.
4. *Quarry*, in the ſportsman's ſenſe, for *game*. Dr. Johnſon reads *quarrel*, which word in a paſſage of Holingſhed ſignifies *cauſe*.

Diſdaining fortune, with his brandiſh'd ſteel,
Which ſmoak'd with bloody execution,
Like Valour's minion, carved out his paſſage,
'Till he fac'd the ſlave;
Who ne'er ſhook hands, nor bid farewel to him
'Till he unſeam'd him from the nave to the chops,
And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

King. Oh, valiant Couſin! worthy Gentleman!

Cap. As whence the ſun 'gins his reflexion,
Shipwrecking ſtorms and direful thunders break;
So from that ſpring, whence comfort ſeem'd to come,
Diſcomfort ſwells. Mark, King of *Scotland*, mark;
No ſooner Juſtice had, with Valour arm'd,
Compell'd theſe ſkipping *Kernes* to truſt their heels;
But the *Norweyan* lord, ſurveying 'vantage,
With furbiſh'd arms and new ſupplies of men
Began a freſh aſſault.

King. Diſmay'd not this
Our Captains, *Macbeth* and *Banquo*?

Cap. Yes,
As ſparrows, eagles; or the hare, the lion.
If I ſay ſooth, I muſt report, they were
As cannons overcharg'd with double cracks;
So they
Doubly redoubled ſtrokes upon the foe:

Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,
Or memorize another *Golgotha*,
I cannot tell —
But I am faint, my gaſhes cry for help. —
King. So well thy words become thee, as thy wounds:
They ſmack of honour both. Go, get him ſurgeons.

Enter ROSSE.

Who comes here?
Mal. The worthy *Thane* of *Roſſe*.
Len. What a haſte looks through his eyes?
So ſhould he look, that ſeems to ſpeak things ſtrange.
Roſſe. God ſave the King!
King. Whence cam'ſt thou, worthy *Thane*?
Roſſe. From *Fife*, great King;
Where the *Norweyan* banners flout [5] the ſky,
And fan our people cold.
Norway, himſelf, with terrible numbers,
Aſſiſted by that moſt diſloyal traitor
The *Thane* of *Cawdor*, began a diſmal conflict;
[6]Till that *Bellona*'s bridegroom, lapt in proof,
Confronted him [6] with ſelf-compariſons,
Point againſt point rebellious, arm 'gainſt arm,
Curbing his laviſh ſpirit: and to conclude,
The

5. To *mock*, or *inſult*; the banners wave in *defiance* of the ſky —
6. Shew'd he was his equal.

The victory fell on us.
King. Great happineſs!
Roſſe. Now *Sweno*, *Norway's* King, craves compoſition;
Nor would we deign him burial of his men,
'Till he diſburſed, at Saint *Colme's* inch, †
Ten thouſand dollars, to our general uſe.
King. No more that *Thane* of *Cawdor* ſhall deceive
Our boſom-intereſt. Go, pronounce his death;
And with his former title greet *Macbeth.*
Roſſe. I'll ſee it done.
King. What he hath loſt, noble *Macbeth* hath won.
Exeunt.

SCENE. III.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1 *Witch.* Where haſt thou been, ſiſter?
2 *Witch.* Killing ſwine.
3 *Witch.* Siſter, where thou?
1 *Witch.* A ſailor's wife had cheſnuts in her lap,
And mouncht, and mouncht, and mouncht. Give me, quoth I.
Aroint thee, witch! — the rump-fed ronyon cries.
Her huſband's to *Aleppo* gone; maſter o' the *Tyger*:
But in a ſieve I'll thither ſail,
And like a rat without a tail,

† Colmes-inch, now called Inchcomb. *Inch, ynch*, was the old ſcots word for *iſland.*

I'll do — I'll do — and I'll do.

1 *Witch.* I'll give thee a wind.

2 *Witch.* Thou art kind.

3 *Witch.* And I another.

1 *Witch.* I myſelf have all the other.
And the very points they blow;
All the quarters that they know,
I th' ſhipman's card —
I will drain him dry as hay;
Sleep ſhall neither night nor day
Hang upon his pent-houſe lid;
He ſhall live a man forbid [7];
Weary ſeven-nights, nine times nine,
Shall he dwindle, [8] peak and pine;
Though his bark cannot be loſt,
Yet it ſhall be tempeſt-toſt,
Look, what I have.

2 *Witch.* Shew me, ſhew me.

1 *Witch.* Here I have a pilot's thumb,
Wreck'd as homeward he hid come.
(*Drum within.*

3 *Witch.* A drum, a drum!
Macbeth doth come!

All. The [9] weird ſiſters, hand in hand,
Poſters of the ſea and land,
Thus do go about, about,
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
And

7. To *bid*, to command, is originally *to pray*: As to *forbid* implies the oppoſition to the word bid, *prohibit*, it ſignifies in its primitive derivation, to *curſe*.
8. This miſchief was ſuppoſed to be put in execution by means of a waxen figure, which repreſented the perſon who was to be conſumed by ſlow degrees.
9. *Weird* is uſed ſubſtantively ſignifying *a prophecy* by ſome, and by others, *Deſtinies*.

And thrice again to make up nine.
Peace! — the charm's wound up.

Enter MACBETH *and* BANQUO, *with Soldiers and other Attendants.*

Macb. So foul and fair a day I have not ſeen.
Ban. How far is't call'd to *Foris?* — What are theſe,
So wither'd, and ſo wild in their attire,
That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,
And yet are on't? Live you, or are you aught
That man may queſtion? You ſeem to underſtand me,
By each at once her chopt finger laying
Upon her ſkinny lips; — You ſhould be women;
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
That you are ſo.
Macb. Speak, if you can; what are you?
1 *Witch.* All-hail, *Macbeth!* hail to thee, *Thane* of *Glamis!*
2 *Witch.* All-hail, *Macbeth!* hail to thee, *Thane* of *Cawdor!*
3 *Witch.* All-hail, *Macbeth!* that ſhalt be *King* hereafter.
Banq. Good Sir, why do you ſtart, and ſeem to fear
Things that do ſound ſo fair? I' the name of truth,
Are ye fantaſtical [1], or that indeed (*To the Witches.*

1. *Creatures of fantaſy.* Are we deceived by illuſions of fancy?

Which outwardly ye ſhew? my noble partner
You greet with preſent grace, and great prediction
Of noble having, and of royal hope,
That he ſeems rapt withal; to me you ſpeak not;
If you can look into the ſeeds of time,
And ſay, which grain will grow, and which will not;
Speak then to me, who neither beg, nor fear,
Your favours, nor your hate.

1 *Witch.* Hail!

2 *Witch.* Hail!

3 *Witch.* Hail!

1 *Witch.* Leſſer than *Macbeth*, and greater.

2 *Witch.* Not ſo happy, yet much happier.

3 *Witch.* Thou ſhalt get Kings, though thou be none;
So, all hail, *Macbeth* and *Banquo!*

1 *Witch.* *Banquo* and *Macbeth*, all-hail!

Macb. Stay, you imperfect ſpeakers, tell me more;
By *Sinel's*[2] death, I know, I am *Thane* of *Glamis*;
But how, of *Cawdor?* the *Thane* of *Cawdor* lives,
A proſperous gentleman; and, to be king,
Stands not within the proſpect of belief,
No more than to be *Cawdor.* Say, from whence
You owe this ſtrange intelligence? or why
Upon

2. Sinel, the father of Macbeth.

Upon this blaſted heath you ſtop our way,
With ſuch prophetick greeting? — ſpeak, I charge you.
(*Witches vaniſh.*
Ban. The earth hath bubbles, as the water has;
And theſe are of them; whither are they vaniſh'd?
Macb. Into the air; and what ſeem'd corporal,
Melted, as breath into the wind. —
Would they had ſtaid!
Ban. Were ſuch things here, as we do ſpeak about?
Or have we eaten of the inſane root, †
That takes the reaſon priſoner?
Macb. Your children ſhall be Kings.
Ban. You ſhall be King.
Macb. And *Thane* of *Cawdor* too; went it not ſo?
Ban. To the ſelf-ſame tune, and words; who's here?

Enter ROSSE *and* ANGUS.

Roſſe. The King hath happily receiv'd, *Macbeth*,
The news of thy ſucceſs; and when he reads
Thy perſonal venture in the rebel's fight,
His wonders and his praiſes do contend,
Which would be thine, or his. Silenc'd with that,
In viewing o'er the reſt o' the ſelf-ſame day, He

† Holinſhed informs us that Duncan ſent the Danes wine mingled with berries of a ſoporific quality, and murdered them.

He finds thee in the ſtout *Norweyan* ranks,
Nothing afraid of what thyſelf didſt make,
Strange images of death. As thick as tale [3],
Came poſt with poſt; and every one did bear
Thy praiſes in his kingdom's great defence:
And pour'd them down before him.

Ang. We are ſent,
To give thee, from our royal maſter, thanks;
Only to herald thee into his ſight,
Not pay thee.

Roſſe. And, for an earneſt of a greater honour,
He bade me, from him, call thee *Thane* of *Cawdor*:
In which addition, hail, moſt worthy *Thane!*
For it is thine.

Ban. What, can the devil ſpeak true?

Macb. The *Thane* of *Cawdor* lives; why do you dreſs me
In borrow'd robes?

Ang. Who was the *Thane*, lives yet;
But under heavy judgment bears that life,
Which he deſerves to loſe. Whether he was
Combin'd with *Norway*, or did line the rebel
With hidden help and 'vantage, or that with both
He labour'd in his country's wreck, I know not:
But treaſons capital, confeſs'd, and proved,
Have overthrown him.

Macb. *Glamis*, and *Thane* of *Cawdor!* (*Aſide.*
The

3. Poſts arrived as faſt as they could be *counted.*

The greateſt is behind. Thanks for your pains,
Do you not hope, your children ſhall be Kings?
When thoſe, that gave the *Thane* of *Cawdor* to me,
Promis'd no leſs to them?
Ban. That truſted [4] home,
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,
Beſides the *Thane* of *Cawdor*. But 'tis ſtrange:
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The inſtruments of darkneſs tell us truths,
Win us with honeſt trifles, to betray us
In deepeſt conſequence.
Couſins, a word, I pray you.
Macb. Two truths are told,
As happy prologues to the ſwelling act
Of the imperial theme. I thank you, gentlemen —
This ſupernatural ſolliciting [5]
Cannot be ill, cannot be good. — If ill,
Why hath it given me earneſt of ſucceſs,
Commencing in a truth? I am *Thane* of *Cawdor*.
If good, why do I yield to that ſuggeſtion,
Whoſe horrid image doth unfix my hair,
And make my ſeated heart knock at my ribs
Againſt the uſe of nature? Preſent fears
Are leſs than horrible imaginings.
My thought, whoſe murder yet is but fantaſtical,
Sha-

4. *Truſted home*, i. e. carried as far as it will go.
5. *Incitement.*

Shakes ſo my ſingle ſtate of man, that [6] function
Is ſmother'd in ſurmiſe; and nothing is,
But what is not.

Ban. Look, how our partner's rapt!

Macb. If chance will have me king, why,
chance may crown me (*Aſide.*
Without my ſtir.

Ban. New honours, come upon him,
Like our ſtrange garments, cleave not to their
mould
But with the aid of uſe.

Macb. Come what come may,
Time [7] and the hour runs through the rougheſt
day.

Ban. Worthy *Macbeth*, we ſtay upon your
leiſure.

Mac. Give me your favour: my dull
brain was wrought [8]
With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your
pains
Are regiſtred where every day I turn
The leaf to read them — Let us toward the
King;
Think, upon what hath chanc'd; and at mo-
re time,
(The *interim* having weigh'd it,) let us ſpeak
Our

6. All powers of action are oppreſſed and cruſhed by one overwhelming image in the mind, and nothing is preſent to me, but that which is really future. Of things now about me I have no perception being intent wholly on that which has yet no exiſtence.

7. *Tempus et hora*, time and occaſion will carry the thing through, and bring it to ſome determined point and end, let its nature be what it will.

8. *Worked, agitated*, put into commotion.

Our free hearts each to other.

Ban. Very gladly.

Macb. 'Till then enough: come, friends.

Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

Flouriſh. Enter King, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENOX *and Attendants.*

King. Is execution done on *Cawdor*? Are not
Thoſe in commiſſion yet return'd?

Mal. My liege,
They are not yet come back. But I have ſpoke
With one that ſaw him die; who did report,
That very frankly he confeſs'd his treaſons;
Implor'd your highneſs' pardon; and ſet forth
A deep repentance; nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it. He dy'd,
As one, that had been ſtudied [9] in his death,
To throw away the deareſt thing he ow'd,
As 'twere a careleſs trifle [1].

King. There's no art,
To find the mind's conſtruction in the face:
He was a gentleman, on whom I built
An abſolute truſt.

Enter MACBETH, BANQUO, ROSSE, *and* ANGUS.

O worthieſt Couſin! The

9. Learned in the art of dying.

1. This behaviour correſponds in almoſt every circumſtance with that of the earl of Eſſex, the greateſt ornament of Shakeſpear's age.

The ſin of my ingratitude even now
Was heavy on me. Thou art ſo far before,
That ſwifteſt wing of recompence is ſlow,
To overtake thee. Would thou hadſt leſs deſerv'd,
That the proportion both of thanks and payment
Might have been mine! only I have left to ſay,
More is thy due, even more than all can pay.

Macb. The ſervice and the loyalty I owe,
In doing it, pays itſelf. Your highneſs' part
Is to receive our duties; and our duties
Are to your throne, and ſtate, children and ſervants;
Which do but what they ſhould, by doing every thing
Safe tow'rd your love and honour [2].

King. Welcome hither:
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing. Noble *Banquo*
Thou haſt no leſs deſerv'd, and muſt be known
No leſs to have done ſo: let me enfold thee
And hold thee to my heart.

Ban. There if I grow,
The harveſt is your own.

King. My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fulneſs, ſeek to hide themſelves
In drops of ſorrow. Sons, kinſmen, *Thanes*,
And you whoſe places are the neareſt, know,
We will eſtabliſh our eſtate upon

Our

2. This line is unintelligible. Some Critics therefore change *ſafe* to *fiefs*, *fiefd*; others to *ſhap'd*. Johnſon alters it thus: — — in doing *nothing*, *ſave* toward your love and honour.

Our eldeſt, *Malcolm*; whom we name hereafter
The Prince of *Cumberland*: which honour muſt,
Not unaccompanied, inveſt him only;
But ſigns of nobleneſs, like ſtars, ſhall ſhine
On all deſervers. — Hence to *Inverneß*,
And bind us further to you.

Macb. The reſt is labour, which is not us'd for you;
I'll be myſelf the harbinger, and make joyful
The hearing of my wife with your approach;
So humbly take my leave.

King. My worthy *Cawdor!*

Macb. The Prince of *Cumberland!* — that is a ſtep, (*Aſide.*
On which I muſt fall down, or elſe o'erleap,
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires!
Let not light ſee my black and deep deſires;
The eye wink at the hand! yet let that be,
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to ſee. (*Exit.*

King. True, worthy *Banquo*; he is full ſo valiant;
And in his commendations I am fed;
It is a banquet to me. Let us after him,
Whoſe care is gone before to bid us welcome;
It is a peerleſs Kinſman. (*Flouriſh. Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter Lady MACBETH *alone, with a letter.*

Lady. *They met me in the day of ſucceß; and I have learned by the perfecteſt report* [3]; they

3. By the beſt intelligence.

they have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burnt in deſire to queſtion them further, they made themſelves air, into which they vaniſh'd. While I ſtood wrapt in the wonder of it, came miſſives from the king, who all hail'd me Thane *of* Cawdor; *by which title, before, theſe weïrd ſiſters ſaluted me and referred me to the coming on of time, with,* hail, king that ſhalt be! *This have I thought good to deliver thee (my deareſt partner of greatneſs) that thou might'ſt not loſe the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatneſs is promis'd thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewel.*

Glamis thou art, and *Cawdor* — and ſhalt be
What thou art promis'd. Yet do I fear thy nature;
It is too full o'the milk of human kindneſs,
To catch the neareſt way. Thou wouldſt be great,
Art not without ambition; but without
The illneſs ſhould attend it. What thou wouldſt highly,
That wouldſt thou holily; wouldſt not play falſe,
And yet wouldſt wrongly win. Thou'dſt have, great *Glamis*,
That which cries, "thus thou muſt do, if thou have it;
„And that which rather thou doſt fear to do,
„Then wiſheſt ſhould be undone." Hie thee hither,
That I may pour my ſpirits in thine ear,
And

And chaſtiſe with the valour of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden round,
Which fate and metaphyſical [4] aid doth ſeem
To have thee crown'd withal.

Enter Meſſenger.

What is your tidings?

Meſ. The king comes here to-night.

Lady. Thou'rt mad to ſay it.
Is not thy maſter with him? who, wer't ſo,
Would have inform'd for preparation.

Meſ. So pleaſe you, it is true: our *Thane* is coming.
One of my fellows had the ſpeed of him;
Who, almoſt dead for breath, had ſcarcely more
Than would make up his meſſage.

Lady. Give him tending;
He brings great news. The raven himſelf is [5] hoarſe, (*Exit. Meſ.*
That croaks the fatal entrance of *Duncan*
Under my battlements. Come, you ſpirits
That tend on mortal [6] thoughts, unſex me here;
And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full
Of direſt cruelty; make thick my blood,
Stop up the acceſs and paſſage to remorſe,

4. *Supernatural.*
5. The meſſenger, ſays the ſervant, had hardly breath *to make up his meſſage:* to which the lady anſwers mentally, that he may well want breath, ſuch a meſſage would add hoarſeneſs to the raven: That even the bird, whoſe harſh voice is accuſtomed to predict calamities, could not *croak the entrance of* Duncan but in a note of unwonted harſhneſs.
6. *Deadly.*

That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace [7] between
The effect and it. Come to my woman's breasts
And take my milk for gall [8], you murd'ring ministers!
Wherever in your sightless substances
You wait on nature's mischief! — Come, thick night!
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell,
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes;
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
To cry, *hold*, *hold* [9]! ——

Enter MACBETH.

Great *Glamis!* worthy *Cawdor!*
(*Embracing him.*
Greater than both, by the all hail hereafter!
Thy letters have transported me beyond
This ignorant present time, and I feel now
The future in the instant.

Macb. Dearest love,
Duncan comes here to-night

Lady. And when goes hence?

Macb. To-morrow as he purposes.

Lady.

7. Johnson: *Keep* PACE, which he explains; to *pass between*, to *intervene*.
8. *Take* away *my milk* and put *gall* into the place.
9. The thought is taken from the old military laws which inflicted capital punishment upon "whosoever shall strike stroke at his adversary, if a third do cry *hold*; except that they did fight a combat in a place inclosed; and then no man shall be so hardy as to bid *hold*, but the general."

Lady. Oh, never
Shall ſun that morrow ſee! ——
Your face, my *Thane*, is as a book, where men
May read ſtrange matters. To beguile the time,
Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue; look like the innocent flower,
But be the ſerpent under't. He, that's coming,
Muſt be provided for; and you ſhall put
This night's great buſineſs into my diſpatch;
Which ſhall to all our nights and days to come
Give ſolely ſovereign ſway and maſterdom.
Macb. We ſhall ſpeak further.
Lady. Only look up clear:
To alter favour, ever, is to fear.
Leave all the reſt to me. (*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Hautboys and torches. Enter King, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, BANQUO, LENOX, MACDUFF, ROSSE, ANGUS, *and Attendants.*

King. This caſtle hath a pleaſant ſeat; the air
Nimbly and ſweetly recommends itſelf
Unto our gentle[1] ſenſes.
Ban. This gueſt of ſummer,
The temple haunting martlet, does approve
By his lov'd manſionry that heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here. No jutty frieze,

1. *Gentle*, placid, calm, compoſed.

Buttreſs, nor coigne of'vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendant bed, and procreant cradle:
Where they moſt breed and haunt, I have obſerv'd,
The air is delicate.

Enter Lady.

King. See, ſee! our honour'd hoſteſs!
The love that follows us, ſometime is our trouble,
Which ſtill we thank as love. Herein I teach you,
How you ſhould bid god-yield [2] us for your pains,
And thank us for your trouble.

Lady. All our ſervice,
In every point twice done, and then done double,
Were poor and ſingle buſineſs to contend
Againſt thoſe honours deep and broad, wherewith
Your Majeſty loads our houſe. For thoſe of old,
And the late dignities heap'd up to them,
We reſt your hermits [3].

King. Where's the *Thane* of *Cawdor*?
We cours'd him at the heels, and had a purpoſe
To be his purveyor: but he rides well;
And his great love, ſharp as his ſpur, hath holp him
To his home before us. Fair and noble hoſteſs,
We

2. God-yield, i. e. reward.
3. We as hermits ſhall always pray for you.

We are your gueſt to-night.

Lady. Your ſervants ever
Have theirs, themſelves, and what is theirs in compt [4],
To make their audit at your highneſs pleaſure,
Still to return your own.

King. Give me your hand;
Conduct me to mine hoſt; we love him highly,
And ſhall continue our graces towards him.
By your leave, hoſteſs. (*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Hautboys, Torches. Enter divers ſervants with diſhes and ſervice over the ſtage. Then

MACBETH.

Macb. If it were *done*, when 'tis done, then 'twere well [5]
It were done quickly: if the aſſaſſination
Could tramel up the conſequence, and catch

4. Steevens: *and what* IN *theirs,* IS *compt.*

5. Johnſon: *If it were done, when 'tis done then 'twere well. It were done quickly, if* etc. and v. 4. *with its ſucceſs ſurceaſe.* „If that which I am about to do, when it is once *done*, were *done* and ended without any following effects, it would then be beſt *to do it quickly*; if the murder could terminate in itſelf, and reſtrain the regular courſe of conſequences, if *its ſucceſs* could ſecure *its ſurceaſe*, if being once done *ſucceſsfully*, without detection, it *could fix a period* to all vengeance, ſo that *this blow* might be all that I have to do; if this could be my condition even *here* in *this world*, on this narrow *bank* in the ocean of eternity, *I would* venture upon the deed without care of any future ſtate. But in *theſe caſes* vengeance is inflicted upon us *here*. We teach others to do as we have done, and are puniſhed by our own example.„

With its ſurceaſe ſucceſs; that but this blow
Might be the Be-all and the End-all *Here*,
But *here*, upon this bank and ſhoal of time:
We'd jump the life to come. —— But, in theſe caſes,
We ſtill have judgment *here*; that we but teach
Bloody inſtructions, which, being taught, return
To plague the inventor: This even-handed Juſtice
Commends the ingredients of our poiſon'd chalice
To our own lips. He's here in double truſt;
Firſt, as I am his kinſman and his ſubject,
Strong both againſt the deed; then, as his hoſt,
Who ſhould againſt his murd'rer ſhut the door,
Not bear the knife myſelf. Beſides, this *Duncan*
Hath borne his faculties [6] ſo meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead, like angels, trumpet-tongu'd, againſt
The deep damnation of his taking off:
And Pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blaſt, or heavens cherubin, hors'd
Upon the ſightleſs couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye:
That tears [7] ſhall drown the wind. —— I have no ſpur
To prick the ſides of my intent, but only Vaul-

6. *Faculties*, for office, exerciſe of power etc.
7. Alluding to the remiſſion of the wind in a ſhower.

Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itſelf,
And falls on the other ——

Enter Lady MACBETH.

How now? what news?

Lady. He has almoſt ſupp'd; why have you left the chamber?

Macb. Hath he aſked for me?

Lady. Know you not he has?

Macb. We will proceed no farther in this buſineſs.
He hath honour'd me of late; and I have bought
Golden opinions from all ſorts of people,
Which would be worn now in their neweſt gloſs,
Not caſt aſide ſo ſoon.

Lady. Was the hope drunk,
Wherein you dreſt yourſelf? hath it ſlept ſince?
Ant wakes it now, to look ſo green and pale
At what it did ſo freely? from this time
Such I account thy love. Art thou afraid
To be the ſame in thine own act and valour,
As thou art in deſire? would'ſt thou have that,
Which thou eſteem'ſt the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own eſteem?
Letting *I dare not* wait upon *I would*,
Like the poor cat i' the adage [8].

Macb. Pr'ythee, peace:
I dare do all that may become a man:
Who dares do more, is none.

Lady. What beaſt was it then,

8. Catus amat piſces, ſed non vult tingere plantas.

That made you break this enterprize to me?
When you durſt do it, then you were a man:
And, to be more than what you were, you would
Be ſo much more the man. Nor time, nor place
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:
They have made themſelves, and that their fitneſs now
Does unmake you. I have given ſuck, and know
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me:
I would, while it was ſmiling in my face,
Have pluckt my nipple from his boneleſs gums,
And daſh'd the brains out, had I but ſo ſworn
As you have done to this.

Macb. If we ſhould fail! ——

Lady. We fail?
But ſcrew your courage to the ſticking-place,
And we'll not fail. When *Duncan* is aſleep,
(Whereto the rather ſhall his day's hard journey
Soundly invite him) his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and waſſel [9] ſo convince,
That memory, the warder of the brain,
Shall be a fume; and the receipt of reaſon
A limbeck [1] only. When in ſwiniſh ſleep
Their drenched natures lie, as in a death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
The unguarded *Duncan*? what not put upon
His

9. *Waſſel*, riot, intemperance.
1. A veſſel to emit *fumes* or vapours.

His ſpungy officers, who ſhall bear the guilt
Of our great quell[2]?
Macb. Bring forth men-children only!
For thy undaunted mettle ſhould compoſe
Nothing but males. Will it not be receiv'd
When we have mark'd with blood thoſe ſleepy two
Of his own chamber, and us'd their very daggers,
That they have don't?
Lady. Who dares receive it other,
As we ſhall make our griefs and clamour roar,
Upon his death?
Macb. I am ſettled, and bend up
Each corporal agent to this terrible feaſt.
Away, and mock the time with faireſt ſhow:
Falſe face muſt hide what the falſe heart doth know. (*Exeunt.*

ACT. II.

SCENE I.

Enter BANQUO, *and* FLEANCE *with a torch before him.*

Ban. How goes the night, boy?
Fle. The moon is down; I have not heard the clock.
Ban. And ſhe goes down at twelve.
Fle.

2. *Quell* is *murder*, *manquellers* are murderers.

Fle. I take 't, 'tis later, Sir.
Can. Hold, take my ſword. There's huſbandry in heav'n,
Their candles are all out. ——— Take thee that too.
A heavy ſummons lies like lead upon me,
And yet I would not ſleep; mercicul powers!
Reſtrain in me the curſed thoughts [3], that nature
Gives way to in repoſe!

Enter MACBETH, *and a ſervant with a torch.*
Give me my ſword: who's there?
Macb. A friend.
Ban. What, Sir, not yet at reſt? the king's a-bed,
He hath been in unuſual pleaſure,
Sent forth great largeſs to your officers;
This diamond he greets your wife withal,
By the name of moſt kind hoſteſs; and ſhut up
In meaſureleſs content.
Macb. Being unprepar'd,
Our will became the ſervant to defect;
Which elſe ſhould free have wrought.
Ban. All's well.
I dreamt laſt night of the three weird ſiſters:
To you they have ſhew'd ſome truth.
Macb. I think not of them;
Yet when we can intreat an hour to ſerve,
We

3. Banquo had been ſollicited in a dream to do ſomething in conſequence of the witches, that his waking ſenſes were ſhock'd, at; and Shakeſpear has here finely contraſted his character with that of Macbeth.

We would ſpend it in ſome words upon that
buſineſs;
If you would grant the time.
Ban. At your kind'ſt leiſure,
Macb. If you ſhall cleave to my conſent[4], when 'tis,
It ſhall make honour for you,
Ban. So I loſe none
In ſeeking to augment it, but ſtill keep
My boſom franchis'd and allegiance clear,
I ſhall be counſel'd.
Macb. Good repoſe the while!
Ban. Thanks, Sir, the like to you.
(*Exeunt* Banquo *and* Fleance.
Macb. Go, bid thy miſtreſs, when my
drink is ready,
She ſtrike upon the bell. Get thee to bed.
(*Exit Serv.*
Is this a dagger which I ſee before me,
The handle toward my hand? come, let me
clutch thee!
I have thee not, and yet I ſee thee ſtill,
Art thou not, fatal viſion, ſenſible
To feeling as to ſight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a falſe creation
Proceeding from the heat-oppreſſed brain?
I ſee thee yet in form as palpable
As this which now I draw. —— ——
Thou marſhal'ſt me the way that I was going;
And ſuch an inſtrument I was to uſe.

Mine

4. If you ſhall concur with me when I determine (*conſent* for *will*) to accept the crown, *when 'tis*, when that happens which the prediction promiſes, *it ſhall make honour for you.*

Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other
senſes,
Or elſe worth all the reſt —— I ſee thee ſtill;
And on thy blade, and dudgeon [5], gouts of
blood,
Which was not ſo before. —— There's no
ſuch thing. —
It is the bloody buſineſs, which informs
Thus to mine eyes. — Now o'er the one half
world
Nature ſeems dead, and wicked dreams abuſe
The curtain'd ſleep [6]; now witchcraft ce-
lebrates
Pale *Hecate*'s offerings: and wither'd Murther,
Alarum'd by his ſentinel, the wolf,
Whoſe howl's his watch, thus with his ſteal-
thy pace,
With *Tarquin*'s raviſhing ſtrides [7], tow'rds
his deſign
Moves like a ghoſt. — Thou ſure and firm-
ſet earth,
Hear not my ſteps which way they walk,
for fear
Thy very ſtones prate of my where-about,
And take the preſent horrour [8] from the time,
Which

5. Haſt, handle.
6. The word *now* has been hitherto added for the ſake of metre; probably Shakeſpear wrote, *The curtain'd ſleeper*. STEEVENS.
7. Large *ſtrides*, in order to feel before us, whether we have a ſafe footing or not; and that the ſound of them might be repeated as ſeldom as poſſible,
8. *Horror*, for *ſilence*. Leſt the noiſe from the ſtones take away from this midnight ſeaſon that preſent horror which ſuits ſo well with what is going to be acted in it.

Which now ſuits with it. —— While I threat,
he lives —
(*A bell rings.*
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath
gives.
I go, and it is done; the bell invites me;
Hear it not, *Duncan*, for it is a knell
That ſummons thee to heaven, or to hell.
(*Exit.*

Enter Lady.

Lady. That which hath made them drunk,
hath made me bold;
What hath quench'd them, hath given me
fire. Hark! peace!
It was the owl that ſhriek'd, the fatal bell-
man,
Which gives the ſtern'ſt good-night. — He is
about it —
The doors are open; and the ſurfeited grooms
Do mock their charge with ſnores. I've
drugg'd their poſſets,
That death and nature do contend about them,
Whether they live or die.

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. (*within*) Who's there? what,
ho? ——

Lady. Alack! I am afraid, they have
awak'd,
And 'tis not done. The attempt and not the
deed,
Confounds us: —— hark! —— I laid their
daggers ready,

He

He could not miss 'em —— Had he not re-
ſembled
My father as he ſlept, I had don't — My
huſband!

Macb. I've done the deed — didſt thou
not hear a noiſe?

Lady. I heard the owl ſcream, and the
crickets cry.

Did not you ſpeak?

Macb. When?

Lady. Now.

Macb. A I deſcended?

Lady. Ay.

Macb. Hark! —— who lies i' the ſecond
chamber?

Lady. *Donalbain.*

Macb. This is a ſorry ſight.
(*Looks on his hands.*

Lady. A fooliſh thought, to ſay, a ſor-
ry ſight.

Macb. There's one did laugh in his ſleep,
and one cry'd, murther!
That they did wake each other; I ſtood
and heard them;
But they did ſay their prayers, and addreſs'd
them
Again to ſleep.

Lady. There are two lodg'd together.

Macb. One cry'd, *God bleſs us!* and,
Amen, the other;
As they had ſeen me with theſe hangman's
hands.
Liſtening their fear. I could not ſay, Amen,
When

When they did say, God bless us.

Lady. Consider it not so deeply.

Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce Amen;
I had most need of blessing, and Amen
Stuck in my throat.

Lady. These deeds must not be thought,
After these ways; so, it will make us mad.

Macb. Methought, I heard a voice cry,
Sleep no more!
Macbeth doth murder sleep; the innocent sleep;
Sleep, that knits up the ravell'd sleave[9] of care,
The death[1] of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast. ——

Lady. What do you mean?

Macb. Still it cry'd, *Sleep no more*, to all the house;
Glamis hath murther'd sleep; and therefore *Cawdor*
Shall sleep no more; *Macbeth* shall sleep no more!

Lady. Who was it, that thus cry'd? why, worthy *Thane*,
You do unbend your noble strength, to think
So brain-sickly of things; go, get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?

They

9. *Sleave* of silk is a *skain of silk.*
1. *Death.* Warburton writes: *birth.*

They muſt lie there. Go, carry them, and
ſmear
The ſleepy grooms with blood.
Macb. I'll go no more;
I'm afraid to think what I have done;
Look on't again, I dare not.
Lady. Infirm of purpoſe!
Give me the daggers; the ſleeping and the dead
Are but as pictures; 'tis the eye of childhood,
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
For it muſt ſeem their guilt. (*Exit.*
Knocks within.
Macb. Whence is that knocking? (*Starting.*
How is it with me, when every noiſe ap-
pals me?
What hands are here? hah! they pluck out
mine eyes.
Will all great *Neptune's* ocean waſh this blood
Clean from my hand? no; this my hand will
rather
The multitudinous ſeas incarnadine,
Making the green, One red ——
Enter Lady.
Lady. My hands are of your colour; but
I ſhame
To wear a heart ſo white; I hear a knocking
(*Knock.*
At the ſouth entry. Retire we to our chamber;
A little water clears us of this deed.
How eaſy is it then? your conſtancy
Hath left you unattended — hark, more knock-
ing! (*Knock.*
Get

Get on your night gown, leſt occaſion call us,
And ſhew us to be watchers; be not loſt
So poorly in your thoughts.

Macb. To know my deed, — 'twere
beſt not know myſelf,
Wake, *Duncan*, with thy knocking: I would
thou couldſt! (*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter a Porter. (*Knocking within.*

Por. Here's a knocking, indeed: if a man were porter of hell-gate, he ſhould have old turning the key. (*Knock.*) Knock, knock, knock. Who's there, i' th' name of *Belzebub*? here's a farmer that hang'd himſelf on the expectation of plenty: come in time; have napkins enough about you; here you'll ſweat for't. (*Knock.*) Knock, knock. Who's there, in th' other devil's name? 'faith, here's an equivocator [2], that could ſwear in both the ſcales againſt either ſcale; who committed treaſon enough for God's ſake, yet could not equivocate to heav'n: oh, come, equivocator. (*Knock.*) Knock, knock, knock. Who's there? faith, here's an *Engliſh* taylor come hither for ſtealing out of a *French* hoſe [3]: come in, taylor, here you may roaſt your gooſe.

2. He means a Jeſuit; an order ſo troubleſome to the ſtate in Eliſabeth and James I. time. The inventors of the doctrine of equivocation.

3. The *French hoſe* were 1595 much in faſhion; they were large and wide, reaching down to their knees only, with 3 or 4 gardes apeece laid down along either hoſe. v. Stubbs *Anatomie* of *abuſes*.

(*Knock.*) Knock, knock. Never at quiet! what are you? but this place is too cold for hell. I'll devil-porter it no further: I had thought to have let in ſome of all profeſſions, that go the primroſe way to th' everlaſting bonfire. (*Knock.*) Anon, anon. I pray you remember the porter.

Enter MACDUFF, *and* LENOX.

Macd. Was it ſo late, friend, ere you went to bed,
That you do lie ſo late?

Port. 'Faith, Sir, we were carouſing 'till the ſecond cock: And drink, Sir, is a great provoker of three things.

Macd. What three things doth drink eſpecially provoke?

Port. Marry, Sir; noſe-painting, ſleep, and urine. Lechery, Sir, it provokes, and unprovokes; it provokes the deſire, but it takes away the performance. Therefore much drink may be ſaid to be an equivocator with letchery; it makes him and it mars him; it lets him on, and it takes him off; it perſuades him, and diſheartens him; makes him ſtand to, and not ſtand to; in concluſion, equivocates him in a ſleep, and, giving him the lie, leaves him.

Macd. I believe, drink gave thee the lie laſt night.

Port. That it did, Sir, i'th' very throat o' me; but I requited him for his lie; and, I think, being too ſtrong for him, though he

he took up my legs ſometime, yet I made a ſhift to caſt him [4].

Macd. Is thy maſter ſtirring?
Our knocking has awak'd him; here he comes.

Len. Good-morrow, noble Sir.

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. Good-morrow, both.

Macd. Is the king ſtirring, worthy *Thane*?

Macb. Not yet.

Macd. He did command me to call timely on him;
I've almoſt ſlipt the hour.

Macb. I'll bring you to him.

Macd. I know this is a joyful trouble to you:
But yet, 'tis one.

Macb. The labour, we delight in, phyſicks pain;
This is the door.

Macd. I'll make ſo bold to call, for 'tis my limited [5] ſervice. (*Exit* Macduff.

Len. Goes the king hence to-day?

Macb. He does: he did appoint ſo.

Len. The night has been unruly; where we lay,
Our chimneys were blown down: and, as they ſay,
Lamentings heard i' the air; ſtrange ſcreams of death;

4. *To caſt him up*, to eaſe my ſtomach of him. The equivocation is between *caſt* or *throw*, as a term of wreſtling, and *caſt* or *caſt up*.
5. *Limited* for *appointed*.

And prophesying, with accents terrible
Of dire combustions, and confus'd events,
New hatch'd [6] to the woeful time:
The obscure bird clamour'd the live-long night.
Some say, the earth was feverous, and did
shake.
Macb. 'Twas a rough night.
Len. My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it.

Enter MACDUFF.

Macd. O horrour! horrour! Tongue
nor heart
Cannot conceive, nor name thee.
Macb. and Len. What's the matter?
Macd. Confusion now hath made his
master-piece,
Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
The life o' the building.
Macb. What is't you say; the life? —
Len. Mean you his Majesty?
Macd. Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight
With a new *Gorgon.* —— Do not bid me
speak;
See, and then speak yourselves: awake! awake! (*Exeunt* Macbeth *and* Lenox.
Ring the alarum bell —— murther; and
treason!
Banquo and *Donalbain! Malcolm!* awake!
Shake

6. *Prophecying* is *new hatched*, and in the metaphor holds the place of *the egg*, the *events* are the fruit of.

Shake off this downy ſleep, death's counterfeit,
And look on death itſelf —— up, up, and ſee
The great doom's image! —— *Malcolm!*
Banquo!
As from your graves riſe up, and walk like
ſprights,
To countenance this horrour. — Ring the bell.

Bell rings. Enter Lady MACBETH.

Lady. What's the buſineſs,
That ſuch an hideous trumpet calls to parly
The ſleepers of the houſe? ſpeak, ſpeak, —

Macd. O gentle lady,
'Tis not for you to hear what I can ſpeak.
The repetition in a woman's ear
Would murther as it fell — O *Banquo, Banquo!*

Enter BANQUO.

Our royal maſter's murther'd.

Lady. Woe, alas!
What, in our houſe? ——

Ban. Too cruel, any where.
Dear Duff, I pr'ythee, contradict thyſelf,
And ſay it is not ſo.

Re-enter MACBETH, *and* LENOX.

Macb. Had I but dy'd an hour before
this chance,
I had liv'd a bleſſed time: for, from this inſtant,
There's nothing ſerious in mortality;
All is but toys; renown, and grace is dead;
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
Is left this vault to brag of.

Enter MALCOLM, *and* DONALBAIN.

Don. What is amiſs?

Macb. You are, and do not know it:
The ſpring, the head, the fountain of your blood
Is ſtopt; the very ſource of it is ſtopt.
Macd. Your royal father's murther'd.
Mal. Oh, by whom?
Len. Thoſe of his chamber, as it ſeem'd, had don't;
Their hands and faces were all badg'd with blood;
So were their daggers, which, unwip'd, we found
Upon their pillows; they ſtar'd and were diſtracted;
No man's life was to be truſted with them.
Macb. O, yet I do repent me of my fury,
That I did kill them. ——
Macd. Wherefore did you ſo?
Macb. Who can be wiſe, amaz'd, temp'rate and furious,
Loyal and neutral in a moment? no man.
The expedition of my violent love
Out-run the pauſer, reaſon. Here lay *Duncan*;
His ſilver ſkin laced with his golden blood,
And his gaſh'd ſtabs look'd like a breach in nature,
For Ruins waſteful entrance; there, the murtherers,
Steep'd in the colours of their trade; their daggers
Unmannerly breech'd[7] with gore: who could refrain,
That

7. *Unmanly drench'd.* Johnſon. Warburton: *reech'd.* The expreſſion however may mean, that the daggers were covered

That had a heart to love, and in that heart
Courage, to make his love known?
Lady. Help me hence, ho! —— (*Seeming to faint.*
Macd. Look to the lady.
Mal. Why do we hold our tongues,
That moſt may claim this argument for ours?
Don. What ſhould be ſpoken here,
Where our fate, hid within an augre hole,
May ruſh and ſeize us? Let's away, our tears
Are not yet brew'd,
Mal. Nor our ſtrong ſorrow
Upon the foot of motion.
Ban Look to the lady; (*Lady* Macbeth *is carried out.*
And when we have our naked frailties hid,
That ſuffer in expoſure; let us meet,
And queſtion this moſt bloody piece of work,
To know it further. Fears and ſcruples ſhake us:
In the great hand of God I ſtand, and thence,
Againſt the undivulg'd pretence I fight
Of treas'nous malice.
Macb. So do I.
All. So, all.
Macb. Let's briefly put on manly readineſs,
And meet i' the hall together.
All. Well contented. (*Exeunt.*
Mal. What will you do? let's not conſort with them:

covered with blood, quite to the *breeches*, i. e. their *hilts*. The lower end of a cannon is called the breech of it.

To ſhew an unfelt ſorrow, is an office
Which the falſe man does eaſy. I'll to *England*.

Don. To *Ireland*, I; our ſeparated fortune
Shall keep us both the ſafer; where we are,
There's daggers in men's ſmiles; the near in blood,
The nearer bloody.

Malc. This murtherous ſhaft [8] that's ſhot
Hath not yet lighted; and our ſafeſt way
Is, to avoid the aim. Therefore, to horſe;
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,
But ſhift away; there's warrant in that theft,
Which ſteals itſelf, when there's no mercy left. (*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter ROSSE, *with an old man.*

Old Man. Threeſcore and ten I can remember well;
Within the volume of which time I have ſeen
Hours dreadful, and things ſtrange; but this ſore night
Hath trifled former knowings.

Roſſe. Ah, good father,
Thou ſeeſt, the heavens, as troubled with man's act,
Threaten his bloody ſtage: by the clock, 'tis day;
And

8. The ſhaft is not yet lighted, and though it has done miſchief in its flight, we have reaſon to apprehend ſtill more before it has ſpent its force and falls to the ground.

And yet dark night ſtrangles the travelling lamp;
Is it night's predominance, or the day's ſhame,
That darkneſs does the face of earth intomb,
When living light ſhould kiſs it?
Old M. 'Tis natural,
Even like the deed that's done. On *Tueſday* laſt,
A faulcon, tow'ring in her pride of place,
Was by a mouſing owl hawk'd at, and kill'd.
Roſſe. And *Duncan*'s horſes, (a thing moſt ſtrange and certain!)
Beauteous and ſwift, the minions of their [9] race,
Turn'd wild in nature, broke their ſtalls, flung out,
Contending 'gainſt obedience, as they would
Make war with mankind
Old M. 'Tis ſaid, they eat each other.
Roſſe. They did ſo; to the amazement of mine eyes,
That look'd upon't.

Enter MACDUFF.

Here comes the good *Macduff*.
How goes the world, Sir, now?
Macd. Why, ſee you not?
Roſſe. Is't known, who did this more than bloody deed?
Macd. Thoſe, that *Macbeth* hath ſlain.
Roſſe. Alas, the day!
What good could they pretend?

Macd.

9. *Of* THE *race.* Johnſon.

Macd. They were ſuborn'd;
Malcolm, and *Donalbain*, the king's two ſons
Are ſtol'n away and fled; which puts upon them
Suſpicion of the deed.
Roſſe. 'Gainſt nature ſtill; —
Thriftleſs ambition! that wilt ravin up
Thine own life's means. — Then 'tis moſt like,
The ſovereignty will fall upon *Macbeth?*
Macd. He is already nam'd, and gone to *Scone*
To be inveſted.
Roſſe. Where is *Duncan*'s body?
Macd. Carried to *Colmes-kill*;
The ſacred ſtorehouſe of his predeceſſors,
And guardian of their bones.
Roſſe. Will you to *Scone?*
Macd. No couſin, I'll to *Fife.*
Roſſe. Well, I will thither.
Macd. Well, you may ſee things well done there; adieu;
Leſt our old robes ſit eaſier than our new!
Roſſe. Farewell, father.
Old M. God's benſon go with you, and with thoſe
That would make good of bad, and friends of foes. (*Exeunt.*

ACT.

ACT. III.

SCENE I.

Enter BANQUO.

Ban. Thou haſt it now; King, *Cawdor*, *Glamis*, all
As the weïrd women promis'd; and I fear,
Thou playd'ſt moſt foully for't: yet it was ſaid,
It ſhould not ſtand in thy poſterity;
But that myſelf ſhould be the root, and father
Of many kings. If there come truth from them,
(As upon thee, *Macbeth*, their ſpeeches ſhine [1])
Why, by the verities on thee made good,
May they not be my oracles as well,
And ſet me up in hope? but, huſh, no more.

Senet ſounded. *Enter* MACBETH *as King*, *Lady* MACBETH, LENOX, ROSSE, *Lords and Attendants.*

Macb. Here's our chief gueſt.
Lady. If he had been forgotten,
It had been as a gap in our great feaſt,
And all things unbecoming.
Macb. To-night we hold a ſolemn ſupper, Sir,
And I'll requeſt your preſence.

Ban.

1. Appear with all the *luſtre* of *conſpicuos* truth.

Ban. Lay your highneſs'
Command upon me; to the which my duties
Are with a moſt indiſſoluble tye
For ever knit.
Macb. Ride you this afternoon?
Ban. Ay, my good lord.
Macb. We ſhould have elſe deſir'd
Your good advice (which ſtill hath been both grave
And proſperous) in this day's council; but
We'll take to-morrow. Is it far you ride?
Ban. As far, my lord, as will fill up the time
'Twixt this and ſupper. Go not my horſe the better,
I muſt become a borrower of the night
For a dark hour, or twain.
Macb. Fail not our feaſt.
Ban. My lord, I will not.
Macb. We hear our bloody couſins are beſtow'd
In *England* and in *Ireland*; not confeſſing
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers
With ſtrange invention; but of that to-morrow;
When, therewithal, we ſhall have cauſe of ſtate,
Craving us jointly. Hie you to horſe; adieu,
'Till you return at night. Goes *Fleance* with you?
Ban. Ay, my good lord; our time does call upon us.

Macb.

Macb. I wish your horses swift, and sure of foot;
And so I do commend you to their backs.
Farewel. (*Exit* Banquo.
Let every man be master of his time
Till seven at night; to make society
The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself
'Till supper time alone; till then, God be with you.
(*Exeunt Lady* Macbeth, *and Lords.*

Manent MACBETH, *and a servant.*
Sirrah, a word with you: attend those men
Our pleasure?

Ser. They are, my lord, without the palace gate.

Macb. Bring them before us —— To be thus, is nothing; (*Exit Servant.*
But to be safely thus —— Our fears in *Banquo*
Stick deep; and in his royalty of nature
Reigns that, which would be fear'd. 'Tis much he dares,
And to that dauntless temper of his mind,
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour
To act in safety. There is none but he,
Whose being I do fear; and under him,
My genius is rebuk'd; as, it is said,
Mark Anthony's was by *Caesar*. He chid the sisters,
When first they put the name of king upon me,
And bade them speak to him; then, prophet-like,
They hail'd him father to a line of kings;
Upon

Upon my head they plac'd a fruitleſs crown,
And put a barren ſcepter in my gripe,
Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,
No ſon of mine ſucceeding. If tis ſo,
For *Banquo*'s iſſue have I fil'd my mind:
For them, the gracious *Duncan* have I murther'd:
Put rancours in the veſſel of my peace
Only for them: and mine eternal jewel
Giv'n to the common enemy of man,
To make them kings, the ſeed of *Banquo* kings:
Rather than ſo, come, Fate, into the liſt,
And champion me to the utterance [2]! —— who's there?

Enter Servant, and two Murderers.

Go to the door, and ſtay there, 'till we call.
(*Exit Servant.*
Was it not yeſterday we ſpoke together?
Mur. It was, ſo pleaſe your highneſs.
Macb. Well then, now
Have you conſider'd of my ſpeeches? know,
That it was he, in the times paſt, which held you
So under fortune; which, you thought, had been
Our innocent ſelf; this I made good to you
In our laſt conference, paſt in probation with you:
How

2. Que la deſtinée ſe rende en lice et qu'elle me donne un defi *à l'outrance*, i. e, *to extremity*. Let fate, that has foredoom'd the exaltation of Banquo, enter the liſts againſt me in defence of its own decrees, which I will endeavour to invalidate.

How you were born in hand [3], how croſs;
the inſtruments;
Who wrought with them: and all things elſe,
that might
'To half a ſoul, and to a notion craz'd,
Say, *thus did Banquo.*

1. *Mur.* You made it known to us.

Macd. I did ſo; and went further, which
is now
Our point of ſecond meeting. Do you find
Your patience ſo predominant in your nature,
That you can let this go? are you ſo go-
ſpell'd [4],
To pray for this good man, and for his iſſue,
Whoſe heavy hand hath bow'd you to the
grave,
And beggar'd yours for ever?

1. *Mur.* We are men, my liege.

Mach. Ay, in the catalogue ye go for
men,
As hounds, and grey-hounds, mungrels,
ſpaniels, curs,
Showghes [5], water-rugs, and demy-wolves
are cleped
All by the name of dogs; the valued file [6]
Diſtinguiſhes the ſwift, the ſlow, the ſubtle,
The

3. Made to believe what was not true.
4. *Goſpeller* was a name of contempt given by the papiſts to the Lollards, the puritans of early times, and the precurſors of *proteſtantiſm.*
5. Demi-wolves.
6. A liſt or catalogue *of value.* Here it ſeems to mean a poſt of honour; the firſt rank in oppoſition to the laſt.

The houſe-keeper, the hunter, every one
According to the gift which bounteous nature
Hath in him clos'd; whereby he does receive
Particular addition, from the bill
That writes them all alike; and ſo of men.
Now, if you have a ſtation in the file,
Not in the worſt rank of manhood, ſay it:
And I will put that buſineſs in your boſoms,
Whoſe execution takes your enemy off;
Grapples you to the heart and love of us,
Who wear our health but ſickly in his life,
Which in his death were perfect.

2 Mur. I am one, my liege,
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
Have ſo incens'd, that I am reckleſs what
I do, to ſpite the world.

1 Mur. And I another,
So weary with diſaſters, tug'd with fortune,
That I would ſet my life on any chance,
To mend it, or be rid on't.

Macb. Both of you
Know, *Banquo* was your enemy.

Mur. True, my lord.

Macb. So is he mine: and in ſuch bloody diſtance [7],
That every minute of his being thruſts
Againſt my near'ſt of life; and though I could
With

7. Such a diſtance as mortal enemies would ſtand at from each other when their quarrel muſt be determined by the ſword. This ſenſe is evident from the continuation of the metaphor, where *every minute of his being* is repreſented as THRUSTING AT *the neareſt part where life reſides.*

With bare-fac'd power ſweep him from my ſight,
And bid my will avouch it; yet I muſt not
For certain friends that are both his and mine,
Whoſe loves I may not drop; but wail his fall,
Whom I myſelf ſtruck down: and thence it is,
That I to your aſſiſtance do make love,
Maſking the buſineſs from the common eye
For ſundry weighty reaſons.

2 Mur. We ſhall, my lord,
Perform what you command us.

1. Mur. Though our lives ——

Mach. Your ſpirits ſhine through you.
Within this hour, at moſt,
I will adviſe you where to plant yourſelves,
Acquaint you with the perfect ſpy [8] o' the time,
The moment on't; for't muſt be done to night,
And ſomething from the palace: always thought,
That I require a clearneſs [9]; and, with him,
(To leave no rubs nor botches in the work)
Fleance his ſon, that keeps him company,
Whoſe abſence is no leſs material to me
Than is his father's, muſt embrace the fate
Of that dark hour. Reſolve yourſelves apart,
I'll come to you anon.

8. Johnſon: *with* A *perfect ſpy o' the time*, to direct them to find Banquo. *perfect* is *well inſtructed*. Accordingly a third murderer joins them afterwards at the place of action.

9. That I may ſtand clear of all ſuſpicion. So Holinſhed.

Mur. You are reſolv'd, my lord.
Macb, I'll call upon you ſtraight; abide within. (*Exeunt Murderes.*
It is concluded; —— *Banquo,* thy ſoul's flight,
If it find heav'n, muſt find it out to-night.

SCENE II.

Enter Lady MACBETH, *and a Servant.*

Lady. Is *Banquo* gone from court?
Serv. Ay, Madam, but retnrns again to night.
Lady, Say to the king I would attend his leiſure
For a few words.
Serv. Madam, I will. (*Exit.*
Lady. Nought's had, all's ſpent,
Where our deſire is got without conſent:
'Tis ſafer to be that which we deſtroy,
Than, by deſtruction, dwell in doubtful joy.

Enter MACBETH.

How now, my lord, why do you keep alone?
Of ſorrieſt fancies your companions making,
Uſing thoſe thoughts, which ſhould indeed have dy'd
With them they think on? things without all remedy
Should be without regard; what's done, is done.
Macb. We have ſcotch'd the ſnake, not kill'd it ——
She'll cloſe, and be herſelf; whilſt our poor malice

Re-

Remains in danger of her former tooth.
But let the frame of things disjoint,
Both the worlds ſuffer,
Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and ſleep
In the affliction of theſe terrible dreams,
That ſhake us nightly. Better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gain our place, have ſent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In reſtleſs ecſtaſy [1]. —— *Duncan* is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever, he ſleeps well;
Treaſon has done his worſt; nor ſteel, nor poiſon,
Malice domeſtick, foreign levy, nothing
Can touch him further!

Lady. Come on gentle my lord;
Sleek o'er your rugged look: be bright, and jovial
Among your gueſts to-night.

Macb. So ſhall I, love; and ſo, I pray, be you:
Let your remembrance ſtill apply to *Banquo*.
Preſent him eminence, both with eye and tongue:
Unſafe the while, that we muſt lave our honours
In theſe flattering ſtreams, and make our faces
Vizors t' our hearts, diſguiſing what they are! ——

Lady. You muſt leave this.

1. Madneſs.

Macb. O, full of ſcorpions is my mind, dear wife!
Thou know'ſt, that *Banquo*, and his *Fleance* lives.
Lady. But in them, nature's copy's [2] not eternal.
Macb. There's comfort yet, they are affailable;
Then be thou jocund. Ere the bat hath flown
His cloyſter'd flight, ere, to black *Hecat*'s ſummons,
The ſhard-born [3] beetle with his drowſy hums
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there ſhall be done
A deed of dreadful hope.
Lady. What's to be done?
Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, deareſt chuck,
'Till thou applaud the deed; come, ſeeling [4] night,
Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day,
And with thy bloody and inviſible hand
Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond,
Which keeps me pale! light thickens [5], and the crow
Makes wing to th' rooky [6] wood:

Good

2. The *copy*, the *leaſe*, by which they hold their lives from nature, has its time of termination limited.
3. The beetle hatch'd in clefts of wood.
4. i. e. *blinding* a term in falconry.
5. *The light grows dull or muddy.*
6. *Rooky* or *reeky* means *damp*, *miſty*, *ſteaming with exhalations*. *Rooky wood* may, however, mean a *rookery*, the wood that abounds with rooks.

Good things of day begin to droop and drowze,
While night's black agents to their prey do rouze.
Thou marvell'ſt at my words: but hold thee ſtill;
Things, bad begun, make ſtrong themſelves by ill:
So, pr'ythee, go with me. (*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter three Murtherers.

1. *Mur.* But who bid thee join with us [7]?
3. *Mur.* *Macbeth.*
2. *Mur.* He needs not our miſtruſt, ſince he delivers
Our offices, and what we have to do,
To the direction juſt.
1. *Mur.* Then ſtand with us.
The weſt yet glimmers with ſome ſtreaks of day:
Now ſpurs the lated traveller apace, ——
To gain the timely inn; and near approaches
The ſubject of our watch.
3 *Mur.* Hark, I hear horſes ——
Banquo *within.*) Give us a light there, ho!
2 *Mur.* Then it is he; the reſt,
That are within the note of expectation [8],
Already are i'the court.

7. The *perfect ſpy* has, before they enter upon the ſtage, given them the directions; yet one of the murderers ſuſpects him of intending to betray them; the other obſerves, that by his exact knowledge of *what they were to do*, he appears to be employed by Macbeth, and needs not be miſtruſted.
8. In the liſt of gueſts.

1 *Mur.* His horſes go about.

3. *Mur.* Almoſt a mile: but he does uſually,
So all men do, from hence to the palace gate,
Make it their walk.

Enter BANQUO *and* FLEANCE, *with a torch.*

2 *Mur.* A light, a light.

3 *Mur.* 'Tis he.

1 *Mur.* Stand to't.

Ban. It will be rain to night.

1 *Mur.* Let it come down.

(*They aſſault* Banquo.

Ban. Oh, treachery!
Fly, good *Fleance*; fly, fly, fly,
Thou may'ſt revenge. Oh ſlave!

(*Dies.* Fleance *eſcapes.*

3 *Mur.* Who did ſtrike out the light?

1 *Mur.* Was't not the way[9]?

3 *Mur.* There's but one down; the ſon is fled.

2 *Mur.* We have loſt beſt half of our affair.

1 *Mur.* Well, let's away, and ſay how much is done. (*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A banquet prepar'd. Enter MACBETH, *Lady,* ROSSE, LENOX, *Lords, and Attendants.*

Macb. You know your own degrees, ſit down: [1] at firſt, And

9. The beſt means to evade diſcovery.
1. Johnſon: TO *firſt and* —

And laſt, the hearty welcome.

Lord. Thanks to your Majeſty.

Macb. Ourſelf will mingle with ſociety,
And play the humble hoſt:
Our hoſteſs keeps her ſtate, but in beſt time
We will require her welcome, (*They ſit.*

Lady. Pronounce it for me. Sir, to all our friends;
For my heart ſpeaks they are welcome.

Enter firſt Murtherer, to the door.

Macb. See, they encounter thee with their heart's thanks;
Both ſides are even: here I'll ſit i' the midſt.
Be large in mirth, anon we'll drink a meaſure
The table round — There's blood upon thy face.

Mur. 'Tis better thee without, than he within.
Is he diſpatch'd?

Mur. My lord, his throat is cut; that I did for him.

Macb. Thou art the beſt o' the cut-throats; yet he's good
That did the like for *Fleance*: if thou did'ſt it,
Thou art the non-pareil.

Mur. Moſt royal Sir,
Fleance is 'ſcap'd.

Macb. Then comes my fit again: I had elſe been perfect,
Whole as the marble, founded as the rock,
As broad and general, as the caſing air:
But now I'm cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound in

To ſaucy doubts and fears. But *Banquo's* ſafe ——

Mur. Ay, my good lord: ſafe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenched gaſhes on his head;
The leaſt a death to nature.

Macb. Thank's for that!
There the grown ſerpent lies: the worm that's fled,
Hath nature that in time will venom breed,
No teeth for the preſent. Get thee gone; to-morrow
We'll hear't ourſelves again. (*Exit Murderer.*

Lady. My royal lord,
You do not give the cheer; the feaſt is ſold,
That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis a making;
'Tis given with welcome. To feed, were beſt at home;
From thence, the ſauce to meat is ceremony;
Meeting were bare without it.

(*Enter the Ghoſt of* Banquo, *and ſits in* Macbeth's *place.*

Macb. Sweet remembrancer!
Now good digeſtion wait on appetite,
And health on both!

Len. May't pleaſe your highneſs ſit?

Macb. Here had we now our country's honour roof'd,
Were the great perſon of our *Banquo* preſent; ——
Whom may I rather challenge for unkindneſs,
Than pity for michance.

Roſſe. His abſence, Sir,

Lays

Lays blame upon his promiſe. Pleaſe it your highneſs
To grace us with your royal company?
Macb. The table's full.
Len. Here is a place reſerv'd, Sir.
Macb. Where?
Len. Here, my good lord.
What is't that move's your highneſs?
Macb. Which of you have done this?
Lords. What, my good lord?
Macb. Thou can'ſt not ſay, I did it: never ſhake
Thy goary locks at me.
Roſſe. Gentlemen, riſe; his highneſs is not well.
Lady. Sit, worthy friends, my lord is often thus,
And hath been from his youth. Pray you, keep ſeat,
The fit is momentary, on a thought
He will again be well. If much you note him,
You ſhall offend him, and extend his paſſion.
Feed, and regard him not. —— Are you a man? (*To* Macb. *aſide.*
Macb. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that,
Which might apall the devil.
Lady. O proper ſtuff!
This is the very painting of your fear; (*Aſide.*
This is the air-drawn-dagger, which, you ſaid,
Led you to *Duncan.* Oh, theſe flaws and ſtarts

(Im-

(Impoſtors [2] to true fear), would well become
A woman's ſtory at a winter's fire,
Authoriz'd by her grandam. Shame itſelf! —
Why do you make ſuch faces? when all's done,
You look but on a ſtool.

Macb. Pr'ythee, ſee there!
Behold! look! lo! how ſay you?
Why, what care I! if thou canſt nod, ſpeak too. —
If charnel houſes and our graves muſt ſend
Thoſe, that we bury, back; our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites.

Lady. What? quite unmann'd in folly?

Macb. If I ſtand here, I ſaw him —

Lady. Fie, for ſhame!

Macb. Blood hath been ſhed ere now, i'the olden time,
Ere human ſtatute purg'd the gentle weal [3],
Ay, and ſince too, murthers have been perform'd
Too terrible for the ear: the times have been
That, when the brains were out, the man would die,
And there an end; but now they riſe again
With twenty mortal murthers on their crowns,
And puſh us from our ſtools, this is more ſtrange
Than

2. Imitators of thoſe ſtarts which ariſe from a fear well grounded.
3. The ſtate made *quiet* and ſafe by *human ſtatutes.*

Than ſuch a murther is.
Lady. My worthy lord,
Your noble friends do lack you.
Macb. I do forget ——
Do not muſe at me, my moſt worthy friends,
I have a ſtrange infirmity, which is nothing
To thoſe that know me. Come, love and health to all!
Then I'll ſit down: give me ſome wine, fill full ——
I drink to the general joy of the whole table,
Reenter ghoſt.
And to our dear friend *Banquo*, whom we miſs;
Would he were here! to all, and him, we thirſt.
And all [4] to all.
Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.
Macb. Avaunt, and quit my ſight! let the earth hide thee!
Thy bones are marrowleſs, thy blood is cold,
Thou haſt no ſpeculation in thoſe eyes,
Which thou doſt glare with.
Lady. Think of this, good peers,
But as a thing of cuſtom; 'tis no other;
Only it ſpoils the pleaſure of the time.
Macb. What man dare, I dare:
Approach thou like the rugged *Ruſſian* bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros or the *Hyrcan* tyger,
Take any ſhape but That, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble: or, be alive again,
And dare me to the deſert with thy ſword;

If

4. All good wiſhes to all; *love, health, and joy.*

If trembling I inhabit [5], then proteſt me
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible ſha-
dow!
Unreal mockery, hence! Why ſo, —— being
gone,
I am a man again: pray you ſit ſtill.
Lady. You have diſplac'd the mirth,
broke the good meeting
With moſt admir'd diſorder.
Macb. Can ſuch things be,
And overcome us like a ſummer's cloud
Without our ſpecial wonder? You make me
ſtrange [6]
Even to the diſpoſition that I owe,
When now I think, you can behold ſuch
ſights,
And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,
When mine are blanch'd with fear.
Roſſe. What ſights, my lord?
Lady. I pray you, ſpeak not; he grows
worſe and worſe?
Queſtion enrages him: at once, good night!
Stand not upon the order of your going;
But go at once.
Len. Good-night, and better health
Attend his Majeſty!
Lady. Good-night to all. (*Exeunt Lords.*
Macb.

5. *If trembling I inhibit thee*, proteſt me &c. Steevens. To *inhibit* is to *forbid*; the poet uſes the word frequently in the ſenſe required in this paſſage.

6. *You prove to me, that I am a ſtranger, even to my own diſpoſition, (my opinion of my own courage), when I recollect, the very object that ſteals the colour from my cheek, permits it to remain in yours*

Mach. It will have blood. They ſay,
blood will have blood:
Stones have been known to move, and trees
to ſpeak;
Augurs [7] and underſtood relations, have
By maggot-pies [8], and by choughs, and rooks
brought forth
The ſecret'ſt men of blood. — What is the
night?
Lady. Almoſt at odds with morning,
which is which.
Mach. How ſay'ſt thou, that *Macduff*
denies his perſon,
At our great bidding [9]?
Lady. Did you ſend to him, Sir?
Mach. I hear it by the way; but I will
ſend;
There's not a one of them but in his houſe
I keep a ſervant feed. I will to-morrow
(And betimes I will) unto the weird ſiſters:
More ſhall they ſpeak; for now I'm bent to
know,
By the worſt means, the worſt. For mine
own good,
All cauſes ſhall give way: I am in blood
Stept in ſo far, that, ſhould I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious, as go o'er.
Stran-

7. We ſhould read *auguries*, i. e. prognoſtications by means of omens or prodigies; Theſe together with (*relations*) the connection of effects with cauſes, being underſtood, have been inſtrumental in divulging the moſt ſecret murders.
8. *Maggot-pie* is the pie that feeds on *maggots*.
9. A forgetfulneſs of Macbeth, natural to a mind oppreſs'd.

Strange things I have in head, that will to hand;
Which muſt be acted, ere they may be ſcann'd.

Lady. You lack the ſeaſon[1] of all natures, ſleep.

Macb. Come, we'll to ſleep, my ſtrange and ſelf-abuſe
Is the initiate fear, that wants hard uſe:
We're yet but young in deed. (*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches, meeting HECATE.

1 *Witch.* Why, how now, *Hecat'*? you look angerly.

Hec. Have I not reaſon, beldams, as you are,
Saucy, and over-bold! how did you dare
To trade and traffick with *Macbeth*,
In riddles, and affairs of death?
And I the miſtreſs of your charms,
The cloſe contriver of all harms,
Was never call'd to bear my part,
Or ſhew the glory of our art?
And, which is worſe, all you have done
Hath been but for a wayward ſon;
Spiteful and wrathful, who, as others do,
Loves for his own ends, not for you.
But make amends now; get you gone,
And

1. You want ſleep, which *ſeaſons*, or gives the reliſh to all nature, ſomnus vitæ *condimentum*.

And at the pit of *Acheron*
Meet me i' th' morning: thither he
Will come, to know his deſtiny.
Your veſſels, and your ſpells, provide,
Your charms, and every thing beſide.
I am for th' air; this night I'll ſpend
Unto a diſmal and a fatal end;
Great buſineſs muſt be wrought ere noon;
Upon the corner of the moon
There hangs a vaporous drop, profound [2];
I'll catch it ere it come to ground;
And that diſtill'd by magic ſlights [3],
Shall raiſe ſuch artificial ſprights,
As, by the ſtrength of their illuſion,
Shall draw him on to his confuſion.
He ſhall ſpurn fate, ſcorn death, and bear
His hopes 'bove wiſdom, grace, and fear:
And you all know, ſecurity
Is mortals' chiefeſt enemy. (*Muſic and a Song.*
Hark, I am call'd; my little ſpirit, ſee,
Sits in a foggy cloud, and ſtays for me.

(*Sing within. Come away, come away*, &c.

1 *Witch.* Come, let's make haſte, ſhe'll
ſoon be back again.

(*Exeunt.*

SCE-

2. A drop that has *profound*, *deep*, or *hidden* qualities. The *vaporous drop* is a foam which the moon was ſuppoſed to ſhed on particular herbs, or other objects, when ſtrongly ſolicited by enchant'ment. *virus lunare* of the ancients.

3. Arts, ſubtle practices.

SCENE VI.

Enter LENOX *and another Lord.*

Len. My former ſpeeches have but hit your thoughts,
Which can interpret farther: only, I ſay
Things have been ſtrangely borne. The gracious *Duncan*
Was pitied of *Macbeth* — marry, he was dead: —
And the right-valiant *Banquo* walk'd too late;
Whom, you may ſay, if it pleaſe you, *Fleance* kill'd,
For *Fleance* fled: men muſt not walk too late.
Who cannot want the thought, how monſterous
It was for *Malcolm*, and for *Donalbain*
To kill their gracious father? damned fact!
How did it grieve *Macbeth*? did he not ſtraight
In pious rage the two delinquents tear,
That were the ſlaves of drink, and thralls of ſleep?
Was not that nobly done? ay, and wiſely too,
For 'twould have anger'd any heart alive
To hear the men deny't, So that, I ſay,
He has borne all things well; and I do think,
That, had he *Duncan*'s ſons under his key,
(As, an't pleaſe heav'n, he ſhall not) they ſhould find
What 'were to kill a father: ſo ſhould *Fleance*.
But, peace! for from broad words, and 'cauſe he fail'd
His preſence at the tyrant's feaſt, I hear *Mac-*

Macduff lives in diſgrace. Sir, can you tell
Where he beſtows himſelf.

Lord. The ſon of *Duncan*,
From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth,
Lives in the *Engliſh* court; and is receiv'd
Of the moſt pious *Edward*, with ſuch grace,
That the malevolence of fortune nothing
Takes from his high reſpect. Thither *Macduff* is gone
To pray the holy king upon his aid
To wake *Northumberland*, and warlike *Siward*;
That by the help of theſe, (with Him above
To ratify the work) we may again
Give to our tables meat, ſleep to our nights,
Free from our feaſts and banquets bloody knives,
Do faithful homage, and receive free honours,
All which we pine for now. And this report
Hath ſo exaſperated the king, that he
Prepares for ſome attempt of war.

Len. Sent he to *Macduff*?

Lord. He did; and with an abſolute, *Sir, not I*,
The cloudy meſſenger turns me his back,
And hums; as who ſhould ſay, "you'll rue the time,
"That clogs me with this anſwer."

Len. And that well might
Adviſe him to a caution, to hold what diſtance
His wiſdom can provide. Some holy angel
Fly to the court of *England*, and unfold
His meſſage ere he come! that a ſwift bleſſing
May ſoon return to this our ſuffering country,

Under a hand accurs'd!

Lord. I'll ſend my pray'rs with him.

(*Exeunt.*

ACT. IV.

SCENE I.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1 *Witch.* Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.

2 *Witch.* Thrice; and once the hedge-pig whin'd.

3 *Witch.* Harper [4] cries. —— 'tis time, 'tis time.

1 *Witch.* Round about the cauldron go,
In the poiſon'd entrails throw.
Toad, that under the cold ſtone
Days and nights, haſt, thirty-one
Swelter'd venom ſleeping got;
Boil thou firſt i' the charmed pot.

All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

1 *Witch.* Fillet of a fenny ſnake,
In the cauldron boil and bake;
Eye of newt, and toe of frog,
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork, and blind-worm's ſting,
Lizard's leg, and owlet's wing:
For a charm of pow'rful trouble,
Like a hell-broth, boil and bubble.

All.

4. The name of a familiar.

All. Double, double toil and trouble,
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

3 *Witch.* Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,
Witches' mummy; maw, and gulf [5]
Of the ravin'd ſalt ſea-ſhark:
Root of hemlock, digg'd i' the dark;
Liver of blaſpheming *Jew*:
Gall of goat, and ſlips of yew,
Sliver'd in the moon's eclipſe;
Noſe of *Turk*, and *Tartar*'s lips;
Finger of birth-ſtrangled babe,
Ditch deliver'd by a drab;
Make the gruel thick, and ſlab.
Add thereto a tyger's chawdron [6],
For the ingredients of our cauldron.

All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

2 *Witch.* Cool it with a baboon's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good.

Enter HECATE, *and other three Witches.*

Hec. Oh! well done! I commend your pains,
And every one ſhall ſhare i' the gains,
And now about the cauldron ſing,
Like elves and fairies in a ring,
Inchanting all that you put in.

Muſick and a *Song.*

Black ſpirits and white,
Blue ſpirits and grey;
Mingle, mingle, mingle,
You that mingle may.

5. The *ſwallow*, the *throat*.
6. *Entrails*.

1 *Witch.* By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes:
Open locks, whoever knocks.

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. How now, you ſecret, black, and midnight hags?
What is't you do?

All. A deed without a name.

Macb. I conjure you, by that which you profeſs,
(Howe'er you come to know it) anſwer me.
Though you untie the winds, and let them fight
Againſt the churches; though the yeſty [7] waves
Confound and ſwallow navigation up:
Though bladed corn be lodg'd, and trees blown down,
Though caſtles topple [8] on their warders heads;
Though palaces and pyramids do ſlope
Their heads to their foundations; though the treaſure
Of Nature's germins tumble all together,
Even 'till deſtruction ſicken: anſwer me
To what I aſk you.

1 *Witch.* Speak.

2 *Witch.* Demand.

3 *Witch.* We'll anſwer.

1 *Witch.* Say if thou 'dſt rather hear it from our mouths,
Or from our maſters!

Macb.

7. *Foaming* or *frothy waves.*
8. *Tumble.*

Macb. Call 'em: let me ſee 'em.
1 *Witch.* Pour in ſow's blood, that hath eaten
Her nine farrow; greaſe, that's ſweaten
From the murtherer's gibbet, throw
Into the flame.
All. Come high or low:
Thyſelf, and office, deftly ſhow. (*Thunder.*

1ſt Apparition, an armed head.

Macb. Tell me, thou unknown power—
1 *Witch.* He knows thy thought:
Hear his ſpeech, but ſay thou nought.
App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware *Macduff.*
Beware the *Thane* of *Fife* —— diſmiſs me
—— enough. (*Deſcends:*
Macb. What-e'er thou art, for thy good caution, thanks;
Thou haſt harp'd my fear aright. But one word more. —
1 *Witch.* He will not be commanded; here's another
More potent than the firſt. (*Thunder.*

2d Apparition, a bloody child.

App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!
Macb. Had I three ears, I'd heard theed,
App. Be bloody, bold, aud reſolute; laugh to ſcorn
The power of man; for none of woman born
Shall harm *Macbeth.* (*Deſcends.*
Macb. Then live, *Macduff:* what need I fear of thee?

But yet I'll make aſſurance double ſure,
And take a bond of Fate: thou ſhalt not live,
That I may tell pale-hearted fear, it lies;
And ſleep in ſpight of thunder. — What is this?
(*Thunder.*

3d Apparition, a Child crowned, with a tree in his hand.

That riſes like the iſſue of a king;
And wears upon his baby-brow, the round [9]
And top of ſovereignty?

All. Liſten, but ſpeak not.

App. Be lion mettled, proud; and take no care,
Who chafes, who frets, or where conſpirers are:
Macbeth ſhall never vanquiſh'd be, until
Great *Birnam*-wood to high *Dunſinane*'s hill
Shall come againſt him. (*Deſcends.*

Macb. That will never be;
Who can impreſs the foreſt? bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root? Sweet bodements! good!
Rebellious head [1], riſe never, 'till the wood
Of *Birnam* riſe, and our high-plac'd *Macbeth*
Shall live the leaſe of Nature, pay his breath
To time and mortal cuſtom! —— Yet my heart
Throbs to know one thing; Tell me, (if your art
Can tell ſo much) ſhall *Banquo*'s iſſue ever
Reign

9. This *round* is that part of the crown that encircles the head. The *top* is the ornament that riſes above it.
1. Head means *hoſt* or *power*.

Reign in this kingdom?

All. Seek to know no more.

Macb. I will be ſatisfy'd. Deny me this,
And an eternal curſe fall on you! let me know,
Why ſinks that cauldron; and what noiſe is this? (*Hautboys.*

1 *Witch.* Shew!

2 *Witch.* Shew!

3 *Witch.* Shew!

All. Shew his eyes, and grieve his heart;
Come like ſhadows, ſo depart.

(*A ſhew* [2] *of eight kings, and* BANQUO *the laſt, with a glaſs in his hand.*

Macb. Thou art too like the ſpirit of *Banquo*; down!
Thy crown does ſear [3] mine eye-balls —— And thy air,
Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the firſt ——
A third is like the former — filthy hags!
Why do ye ſhew me this? —— A fourth —— ſtart, eye!
What! will the line ſtretch out to the crack of doom?
Another yet? — A ſeventh? I'll ſee no more —

2. No *ghoſts* but repreſentations. There is no ghoſt but Banquo's throughout the play. Voltaire, however, laughs at this tragedy, for having a legion of ghoſts in it.

3. This expreſſion is taken from the method formerly practiſed of deſtroying the ſight of captives or competitors, by holding a burning baſon before the eye, which dried up its humidity.

And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glaſs,
Which ſhews me many more; and ſome I ſee,
That twofold balls and treble ſceptres [4] carry.
Horrible ſight! now I ſee, 'tis true;
For the blood-bolter'd [5] *Banquo* ſmiles upon me,
And points at them for his. What, is this ſo?

1 *Witch.* Ay, Sir, all this is ſo? but why
Stands *Macbeth* thus amazedly?
Come, ſiſters, chear we up his ſprights,
And ſhew the beſt of our delights;
I'll charm the air to give a ſound,
While you perform your antique round;
That this great king may kindly ſay,
Our duties did his welcome pay. (*Muſick.*
(*The witches dance and vaniſh.*

Macb. Where are they? gone?
Let this pernicious hour
Stand aye accurſed in the calendar!
Come in, without there!

Enter LENOX.

Len. What's your grace's will?
Macb. Saw you the weïrd ſiſters?
Len. No, my lord.
Macb. Came they not by you?

Len.

4. This was intended as a compliment to James I, who firſt united the 3 kingdoms, whoſe houſe too was ſaid to be deſcended from Banquo. Therefore Shakeſpear repreſents Banquo not only as an innocent but as a noble character, whereas he was confederate with Macbeth in the murder of Duncan.
5. Whoſe blood hath iſſued out at many wounds, as flour of corn paſſes through the holes of a ſieve.

Len. No, indeed, my lord.
Macb. Infected be the air whereon they ride;
And damn'd all thoſe that truſt them! I did hear
The galloping of horſe: — Who was't came by?
Len. 'Twas two or three, my lord, that bring you word,
Macduff is fled to *England?*
Macb. Fled to *England?*
Len. Ay my good lord.
Macb. Time, thou anticipat'ſt [6] my dread exploits:
The flighty purpoſe never is o'ertook,
Unleſs the deed go with it. From this moment,
The very firſtlings of my heart ſhall be
The firſtlings of my hand. And even now
To crown my thoughts with acts, be't thought and done!
The caſtle of *Macduff* I will ſurpriſe,
Seize upon *Fife*, give to the edge o' the ſword
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate ſouls
That trace him in his line. No boaſting like a fool;
This deed I'll do before this purpoſe cool.
But no more ſights. Where are theſe gentlemen?
Come, bring me where they are. (*Exeunt.*

SCE-

6. To *anticipate* is here to *prevent.*

SCENE II.

Enter Lady MACDUFF, *her Son and* ROSSE.

L. Macd. What had he done, to make
him fly the land?
Roſſe. You muſt have patience, Madam.
L. Macd. He had none;
His flight was madneſs; when our actions
do not,
Our fears do make us traitors.
Roſſe. You know not,
Whether it was his wiſdom, or his fear.
L. Macd. Wiſdom to leave his wife, to
leave his babes,
His manſion, and his titles, in a place
From whence himſelf does fly? he loves us
not,
He wants the natural touch [7]; for the poor
wren,
The moſt diminutive of birds, will fight,
Her young ones in her neſt, againſt the owl.
All is the fear, and nothing is the love;
As little is the wiſdom, where the flight
So runs againſt all reaſon.
Roſſe. My deareſt coz,
I pray you, ſchool yourſelf; but, for your
huſband,
He is noble, wiſe, judicious, and beſt knows
The fits o'the ſeaſon [8]. I dare not ſpeak
much farther,
But

7. Natural *ſenſibility.*
8. *What beſits the time.*

But cruel are the times, when we are traitors,
And do not know ourſelves [9]: when we hold [1] rumour
From what we fear, yet know not what we fear;
But float upon a wild and violent ſea
Each way, and move. I take my leave of you;
Shall not be long but I'll be here again:
Things at the worſt will ceaſe, or elſe climb upward
To what they were before. — My pretty couſin,
Bleſſing upon you!

L. Macd. Father'd he is, and yet he's fatherleſs.

Roſſe. I am ſo much a fool, ſhould I ſtay longer,
It would be my diſgrace, and your diſcomfort.
I take my leave at once. (*Exit* Roſſe.

L. Macd. Sirrah, your father's dead;
And what will you do now? how will you live?

Son. As birds do, mother.

L. Macd. What, with worms and flies!

Son. With what I get, I mean; and ſo do they.

L. Macd. Poor bird! thou'dſt never fear the net, nor lime,
The

9. We think ourſelves innocent, the government thinks us traitors. The argument is ironical.

1. When we *believe*, what we hear *rumour'd*, reported abroad, and yet *know not* what we have to fear, becauſe we know not when we offend.

The pit-fall, nor the gin.

Son. Why ſhould I, mother? poor birds they are not ſet for.
My father is not dead, for all your ſaying.

L. Macd. Yes, he is dead! how wilt thou do for a father?

Son. Nay, how will you do for a huſband?

L. Macd. Why, I can buy me twenty at any market.

Son. Then you'll buy 'em to ſell again.

L. Macd. Thou ſpeak'ſt with all thy wit, and yet, i'faith,
With wit enough for thee.

Son. Was my father a traitor, mother?

L. Macd. Ay, that he was.

Son. What is a traitor?

L. Macd. Why, one that ſwears and lies.

Son. And be all traitors, that do ſo?

L. Macd. Every one, that does ſo, is a traitor, and muſt be hang'd.

Son. And muſt they all be hang'd, that ſwear and lie?

L. Macd. Every one.

Son. Who muſt hang them?

L. Macd. Why, the honeſt men.

Son. Then the liars and ſwearers are fools; for there are liars and ſwearers enough to beat the honeſt men, and hang up them

L. Macd. God help thee, poor monkey! but how wilt thou do for a father?

Son.

Son. If he were dead, you'd weep for him: if you would not, it were a good ſign that I ſhould quickly have a new father.

L. Macd. Poor pratler! how thou talk'ſt?

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Bleſs you, fair dame! I am not to you known,
Though in your ſtate of honour I am perfect;
I doubt, ſome danger does approach you nearly.
If you will take a homely man's advice,
Be not found here; hence with your little ones.
To fright you thus, methinks, I am too ſavage;
To do worſe [2] to you, were fell cruelty,
Which is too nigh your perſon. Heav'n preſerve you!
I dare abide no longer. (*Exit Meſſenger.*

L. Macd. Whither ſhould I fly?
I have done no harm. But I remember now,
I am in this earthly world; where to do harm
Is often laudable; to do good, ſometime
Accounted dangerous folly. Why then, alas!
Do I put up that womanly defence,
To ſay, I have done no harm? —— What are theſe faces?

Enter Murtherers

Mur. Where is your huſband?

L. Macd. I hope, in no place ſo unſanctified,
Where

2. *To do worſe* is, to let her and her children be deſtroyed without warning.

Where ſuch as thou may'ſt find him.

Mur. He's a traitor.

Son. Thou ly'ſt, thou ſhag-ear'd villain.

Mur. What, you egg?
Young fry of treachery?

Son. He'as kill'd me, mother,
Run away, I pray you.

(*Exit L.* Macduff, *crying murther.*

SCENE III.

[3] *Enter* MALCOLM *and* MACDUFF.

Mal. Let us ſeek out ſome deſolate ſhade, and there
Weep our ſad boſoms empty.

Macd. Let us rather
Hold faſt the mortal ſword; and, like good men,
Beſtride our downfaln birthdom [4]: each new morn,
New widows howl, new orphans cry; new ſorrows
Strike heaven on the face, that it reſounds
As if it felt with *Scotland*, and yell'd out
Like ſyllables of dolour [5].

Mal. What I believe, I'll wail;
What know, believe; and, what I can redreſs,
As I ſhall find the time to friend, I will.
What

3. This ſcene is almoſt literally taken from the *Chronicle of Scotland.*
4. Birthright.
5. The prodigies in the ſkies ſhew that heaven ſympathiſed with Scotland.

What you have ſpoke, it may be ſo, perchance;
This tyrant, whoſe ſole name bliſters our tongues,
Was once thought honeſt: you have lov'd him well,
He hath not touch'd you yet. I am young; but ſomething
You may deſerve of him through me, and wiſdom
To offer up a weak, poor, innocent lamb,
To appeaſe an angry God.
Macd. I am not treacherous.
Mal. But *Macbeth* is.
A good and virtuous nature may recoil
In an imperial charge. But I ſhall crave your pardon:
That which you are, my thoughts cannot tranſpoſe [6];
Angels are bright ſtill, though the brighteſt fell:
Though all things foul would wear the brows of grace,
Yet grace muſt look ſtill ſo.
Macd. I have loſt my hopes.
Mal. Perchance, even there, where I did find my doubts.
Why in that rawneſs [7] left you wife and and children?
Thoſe

6. *My ſuſpicions cannot injure you, if you be virtuous, for virtue muſt wear its proper form, though that form be often counterfeited by villany.*
7. Without *maturity* of counſil.

Thoſe precious motives, thoſe ſtrong knots of love,
Without leave-taking? —— I pray you,
Let not my jealouſies be your diſhonours,
But mine own ſafeties; you may be rightly juſt,
Whatever I ſhall think.

Macd. Bleed, bleed, poor country!
Great tyranny, lay thou thy baſis ſure,
For goodneſs dares not check thee! Wear thou thy wrongs —
His title is affear'd [8]. Fare thee well, lord:
I would not be the villain that thou think'ſt,
For the whole ſpace that's in the tyrant's graſp,
And the rich Eaſt to boot.

Mal. Be not offended;
I ſpeak not as in abſolute fear of you.
I think our country ſinks beneath the yoke:
It weeps, it bleeds; and each new day a gaſh
Is added to her wounds. I think withal,
There would be hands up-lifted in my right:
And here from gracious *England* have I offer
Of goodly thouſands. But for all this,
When I ſhall tread upon the tyrant's head,
Or wear it on my ſword, yet my poor country
Shall have more vices than it had before;
More ſuffer, and more ſundry ways than ever,
By him that ſhall ſucceed.

Macd. What ſhould he be?

Mal. It is myſelf I mean, in whom I know
All

8. *Frigthed* form exerting itſelf. Throughout the old copies of Shakeſpear, the word *afraid* is written as it was formerly pronounced, *afeard*.

All the particulars of vice ſo grafted,
That, when they ſhall be open'd, black *Macbeth*
Will ſeem as pure as ſnow, and the poor ſtate
Eſteem him as a lamb, being compar'd
With my confineleſs harms.
Macd. Not in the legions
Of horrid hell, can come a devil more damn'd,
In evils to top *Macbeth.*
Mal. I grant him bloody,
Luxurious, avaricious, falſe, deceitful,
Sudden, malicious, ſmacking of every ſin
That has a name. But there's no bottom, none,
In my voluptuouſneſs: your wives, your daughters,
Your matrons, and your maids, could not fill up
The cyſtern of my luſt; and my deſire
All continent impediments would o'er-bear,
That did oppoſe my will. Better *Macbeth,*
Than ſuch an one to reign.
Macd. Boundleſs intemperance
In nature is a tyranny; it hath been
The untimely emptying of the happy throne,
And fall of many kings. But fear not yet
To take upon you what is yours: you may
Convey your pleaſures in a ſpacious plenty,
And yet ſeem cold, the time you may ſo hood-wink;
We have willing dames enough; there cannot be
That vulture in you to devour ſo many,

As will to greatneſs dedicate themſelves,
Finding it ſo inclin'd.

Mal. With this, there grows,
In my moſt ill-compos'd affection, ſuch
A ſtaunchleſs avarice, that were I king,
I ſhould cut off the nobles for their lands;
Deſire his jewels, and this other's houſe;
And my more-having would be as a ſauce
To make me hunger more; that I ſhould forge
Quarrels unjuſt againſt the good and loyal,
Deſtroying them for wealth.

Macd. This avarice
Sticks deeper; grows with more pernicious root
Than ſummer-ſeeming luſt[9]; and it hath been
The ſword of our ſlain kings: yet do not fear;
Scotland hath foyſons*) to fill up your will
Of your mere own. All theſe are portable,
With other graces weigh'd.

Mal. But I have none; the king-becoming graces,
As juſtice, verity, temperance, ſtableneſs,
Bounty, perſeverance, mercy, lowlineſs,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude;
I have no reliſh of them; but abound
In the diviſion of each ſeveral crime,
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I ſhould
Pour the ſweet milk of concord into hell,
Uproar the univerſal peace, confound
All unity on earth.

Macd.

9. Luſt, that ſeems as hot as ſummer.
*) *Plenty.*

Macd. Oh *Scotland! Scotland!* ——
Mal. If ſuch a one be fit to govern, ſpeak:
I'm as I have ſpoken.
Macd. Fit to govern!
No, not to live. — Oh, nation miſerable,
With an untitled tyrant, bloody-ſceptred!
When ſhalt thou ſee thy wholeſome days again?
Since that the trueſt iſſue of thy throne
By his own interdiction ſtands accurſ'd,
And does blaſpheme his breed. Thy royal father
Was a moſt ſainted king; the queen, that bore thee,
Oftner upon her knees then on her feet,
Dy'd every day ſhe liv'd. Fare thee well!
Theſe evils, thou repeat'ſt upon thyſelf,
Have baniſh'd me from *Scotland.* Oh, my breaſt!
Thy hope ends here.
Mal. Macduff, this noble paſſion,
Child of integrity, hath from my ſoul
Wip'd the black ſcruples, reconcil'd my thoughts
To thy good truth and honour. Deviliſh *Macbeth*
By many of theſe trains hath ſought to win me
Into his power: and modeſt wiſdom plucks me
From over-credulous haſte; but God above
Deal between thee and me! for even now

I put myſelf to thy direction, and
Unſpeak my own detraction; here abjure
The taints and blames I laid upon myſelf,
For ſtrangers to my nature. I am yet
Unknown to woman, never was forſworn,
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own,
At no time broke my faith, would not betray
The devil to his fellow, and delight
No leſs in truth than life: my firſt falſe ſpeaking
Was this upon myſelf. What I am truly,
Is thine, and my poor country's, to command:
Whither, indeed, before thy here-approach,
Old *Seyward* with ten thouſand warlike men,
All ready at a point, was ſetting forth.
Now we'll together, and the chance of goodneſs [1]
Be like our warranted quarrel! Why are you ſilent?

Macd. Such welcome, and unwelcome things at once,
'Tis hard to reconcile.

Enter a Doctor,

Mal. Well; more anon. Comes the king forth I pray you?

Doct.

1. — *And the chance, of goodneſs*, (pro juſtitia divina) *Be like our warranted quarrel* may be anſwerable to the cauſe. *Chance* is the *event*. So Warburton. JOHNSON writes: *o goodneſs*, o thou ſovereign goodneſs! So Shakeſpear has often, GENTLE *heaven*!

Doct. Ay, Sir; there are a crew of wretched ſouls,
That ſtay his cure; their malady convinces[2]
The great aſſay of art. But, at his touch,
Such ſanctity hath Heaven given his hand,
They preſently amend. (*Exit.*

Mal. I thank you, doctor.

Macd. What's the diſeaſe he means?

Mal. 'Tis call'd the Evil:
A moſt miraculous work in this good king;
Which often ſince my here-remain in *England*
I have ſeen him do. How he ſolicits Heav'n,
Himſelf beſt knows; but ſtrangely-viſited people,
All ſwoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,
The mere deſpair of ſurgery, he cures;
Hanging a golden ſtamp about their necks,
Put on with holy prayers: and 'tis ſpoken,
To the ſucceeding royalty he leaves
The healing benediction. With this ſtrange virtue,
He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy;
And ſundry bleſſings hang about his throne,
That ſpeak him full of grace.

Enter Roſſe.

Macd. See, who comes here!

Mal. My countryman[3]; but yet I know him not.

Macd. My ever gentle couſin, welcome hither.

2. *Overpower's, ſubdues.*
3. He diſcovers him by his dreſs.

Mal. I know him now. Good God betimes remove
The means that make us ſtrangers!
Roſſe. Sir, *Amen.*
Macd. Stands *Scotland* where it did?
Roſſe. Alas, poor country,
Almoſt afraid to know itſelf. It cannot
Be call'd our mother, but our grave; where nothing,
But who knows nothing, is once ſeen to ſmile:
Where ſighs and groans, and ſhrieks that rend the air,
Are made, not mark'd; where violent ſorrow ſeems
A modern [4] ecſtaſy: the dead-man's knell
Is there ſcarce aſk'd, for whom: and good men's lives
Expire before the flowers in their caps;
Dying, or ere they ſicken.
Macd. Oh, relation
Too nice, and yet too true!
Mal. What's the neweſt grief?
Roſſe. That of an hour's age doth hiſs the ſpeaker,
Each minute teems a new one.
Macd. How does my wife?
Roſſe. Why, well ——
Macd. And all my children?
Roſſe. Well too. ——
Macd. The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace?

Roſſe.

4. *Modern* is in Shakeſpear in ſome places for *fooliſh, trifling.*

Roſſe. No; they were all at peace, when I did leave them.

Macd. Be not a niggard of your ſpeech: how goes it?

Roſſe. When I came hither to tranſport the tidings,
Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour
Of many worthy fellows that were out,
Which was to my belief witneſs'd the rather,
For that I ſaw the tyrant's power a-foot:
Now is the time of help; your eye in *Scotland*
Would create ſoldiers, and make women fight,
To doff their dire diſtreſſes.

Mal. Be't their comfort
We're coming thither: gracious *England* hath
Lent us good *Seyward* and ten thouſand men:
An older, and a better ſoldier, none
That Chriſtendom gives out.

Roſſe. 'Would, I could anſwer
This comfort with the like! but I have words,
That would be howl'd out in the deſart air,
Where hearing ſhould not catch [5] them.

Macd. What concern they?
The general cauſe? or is it a fee-grief [6],
Due to ſome ſingle breaſt?

Roſſe. No mind, that's honeſt,

5. An old copie of Shakeſpear reads *latch them*. To *latch*, (in the North country dialect) ſignifies the ſame as to *catch*. STEEVENS.

6. *A peculiar grief.*

But in it ſhares ſome woe; though the main part
Pertains to you alone,
Macd. If it be mine,
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.
Roſſe. Let not your ears deſpiſe my tongue for ever,
Which ſhall poſſeſs them with the heavieſt ſound,
That ever yet they heard.
Macd. Hum! I gueſs at it.
Roſſe. Your caſtle is ſurpriz'd; your wife, and babes,
Savagely ſlaughter'd; to relate the manner,
Were, on the quarry [7] of theſe murther'd deer
To add the death of you.
Mal. Merciful heav'n! —
What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows;
Give ſorrow words; the grief, that does not ſpeak,
Whiſpers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.
Macd. My children too? ——
Roſſe. Wife, children, ſervants, all that could be found.
Macd. And I muſt be from thence, my wife kill'd too!
Roſſe. I have ſaid.
Mal. Be comforted.

Let's

7. *Quarry* is a term uſed both in *hunting* and *falconry*. In hunting it means the *death of the deer*; in falconry *the game of the hawk after ſhe has ſeized, and is tiring on it.*

Let's make us med'cines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.

Macb. He has no children. — All my pretty ones?
Did you ſay, all? oh, hell-kite! all?
What, all my pretty chickens, and their dam,
At one fell ſwoop?

Mal. Diſpute [8] it like a man.

Macd. I ſhall do ſo:
But I muſt alſo feel it as a man.
I cannot but remember ſuch things were,
That were moſt precious to me: did Heaven look on,
And would not take their part? ſinful *Macduff*!
They were all ſtruck for thee! naught that I am,
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,
Fell ſlaughter on their ſouls; Heaven reſt them now!

Mal. Be this the whetſtone of your ſword; let grief
Convert to wrath: blunt not the heart, enrage it.

Macd. O, I could play the woman with mine eyes,
And braggart with my tongue. But, gentle Heaven!
Cut ſhort all intermiſſion: front to front,
Bring thou this fiend of *Scotland* and myſelf;
Within my ſword's length ſet him, if he 'ſcape,
Hea-

8. *Contend with your preſent ſorrow.*

Heaven, forgive him too!

Mal. This tune goes manly:
Come, go we to the king; our power is ready;
Our lack is nothing but our leave. *Macbeth*
Is ripe for ſhaking, and the powers above
Put on [9] their inſtruments. Receive what cheer you may;
The night is long that never finds the day.
(*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Enter a Doctor of Phyſick, and a Gentlewoman.

Doct. I have two nights watch'd with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it ſhe laſt walk'd?

Gent. Since his Majeſty went into the field, I have ſeen here riſe from her bed, throw her night gown upon her, unlock her cloſet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon it, read it, afterwards ſeal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a moſt faſt ſleep.

Doct. A great perturbation in nature! to receive at once the benefit of ſleep, and do

9. *Put on*, i. e. encourage, thruſt forward us their inſtruments, againſt the tyrant.

do the effects of watching. In this ſlumbry agitation, beſides her walking, and other actual performances, what, at any time, have you heard her ſay?

Gent. That, Sir, which I will not report after her.

Doct. You may to me, and 'tis moſt meet you ſhould.

Gent. Neither to you, nor any one, having no witneſs to confirm my ſpeech.

Enter Lady MACBETH *with a taper.*

Lo, you? here ſhe comes: this is her very guiſe, and upon my life, faſt aſleep; obſerve her, ſtand cloſe.

Doct. How came ſhe by that light?

Gent. Why, it ſtood by her: ſhe has light by her continually, 'tis her command.

Doct. You ſee, her eyes are open.

Gent. Ay, but their ſenſe is ſhut.

Doct. What is it ſhe does now? look how ſhe rubs her hands.

Gent. It is an accuſtom'd action with her to ſeem thus waſhing her hands: I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady. Yet here's a ſpot.

Doct. Hark, ſhe ſpeaks. I will ſet down what comes from her, to ſatisfy my remembrance the more ſtrongly.

Lady. Out! damned ſpot! out, I ſay—one, two; why then 'tis time to do't ——

Hell

Hell is murky [1]! — Fy my lord, fy, a ſoldier and afraid? what need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account? —— yet who would have thought the old man to have had ſo much blood in him?

Doct. Do you mark that?

Lady. The *Thane* of *Fife* had a wife; where is ſhe now? — what, will theſe hands ne'er be clean? — no more o'that, my lord, no more o'that; you mar all with this ſtarting.

Doct. Go to, go to; you have known what you ſhould not.

Gent. She has ſpoke what ſhe ſhould not, I am ſure of that: Heaven knows what ſhe has known.

Lady. Here's the ſmell of the blood ſtill: all the perfumes of *Arabia* will not ſweeten this little hand. Oh! oh! oh!

Doct. What a ſigh is there? the heart is ſorely charg'd.

Gent. I would not have ſuch a heart in my boſom, for the dignity of the whole body.

Doct. Well, well, well ——

Gent. Pray God, it be, Sir.

Doct. This diſeaſe is beyond my practiſe: yet I have known thoſe which have walk'd in their ſleep, who have died holily in their beds.

Lady.

1. She imagines herſelf talking to Macbeth, who (*ſhe ſuppoſes*) ſays, *Hell is murky*, i. e. *a diſmal place to go to in conſequence of ſuch a deed.*

Lady. Waſh your hands, put on your night-gown, look not ſo pale —— I tell you yet again, *Banquo*'s buried; he cannot come out of his grave.

Doct. Even ſo?

Lady. To bed, to bed; there's knocking at the gate: come, come, come, come, give me your hand: what's done cannot be undone. To bed, to bed, to bed.

(*Exit Lady.*

Doct. Will ſhe go now to bed?

Gent. Directly.

Doct. Foul whiſperings are abroad; unnatural deeds
Do breed unnatural troubles. Infected minds
To their deaf pillows will diſcharge their ſecrets.
More needs ſhe the divine, than the phyſician.
God, God, forgive us all! look after her;
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,
And ſtill keep eyes upon her; ſo good-night.
My mind ſhe has mated [2], and amaz'd my ſight.
I think, but dare not ſpeak.

Gent. Good-night, good Doctor.

Exeunt.

SCE-

2. *Aſtoniſhed*, confounded.

SCENE II.

Drum and Colours. *Enter* MENTETH, CATHNESS, ANGUS, LENOX, *and Soldiers.*

Ment. The *Engliſh* power is near, led on by *Malcolm*,
His uncle *Seyward*, and the good *Macduff*.
Revenges burn in them; for their dear cauſes
Would, to the bleeding and the grim alarm
Excite the mortified [3] man.

Ang. Near *Birnam*-wood
Shall we well meet them; that way are they coming.

Cath. Who knows if *Donalbain* be with his brother?

Len. For certain, he is not: I have a file
Of all the gentry; there is *Seyward*'s ſon,
And many unrough youths, that even now
Proteſt their firſt of manhood.

Ment. What does the tyrant?

Cath. Great *Dunſinane* he ſtrongly fortifies;
Some ſay, he's mad; others, that leſſer hate him,
Do call it valiant fury: but, for certain,
He cannot buckle his diſtemper'd cauſe
Within the belt of rule.

Ang. Now does he feel
His ſecret murthers ſticking on his hands;
Now

3. *The religious*, who is *dead* to the world.

Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breach;
Thoſe, he commands, move only in command,
Nothing in love; now does he feel his title
Hang looſe about him, like a giant's robe
Upon a dwarfiſh thief.
Ment. Who then ſhall blame
His peſter'd ſenſes to recoil, and ſtart,
When all that is within him does condemn
Itſelf, for being there?
Cath. Well, march we on,
To give obedience where 'tis truly ow'd:
Meet we the medecine of the ſickly weal;
And with him pour we, in our country's purge,
Each drop of us.
Len. Or ſo much as it needs,
To dew the ſovereign flower, and drown the weeds.
Make we our march towards *Birnam*.
(*Exeunt marching*.

SCENE III.

Enter MACBETH, *Doctor, and Attendants.*

Macb. Bring me no more reports; let them fly all:
'Till *Birnam* wood remove to *Dunſinane*,
I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy *Malcolm*?

Was he not born of woman? Spirits, that know
All mortal conſequence, have pronounced me thus:
Fear not, *Macbeth*; no man, that's born of woman,
Shall e'er have power upon thee. — Then fly, falſe *Thanes*,
And mingle with the *Engliſh* Epicures [4].
The mind I ſway by, and the heart I bear,
Shall never ſagg with doubt, nor ſhake with fear.

Enter a Servant.

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-fac'd loon!
Where got'ſt thou that gooſe-look?
Ser. There is ten thouſand ——
Macb. Geeſe, villain?
Ser. Soldiers, Sir.
Macb. Go, prick thy face, and over-red thy fear,
Thou lilly-liver'd boy. What ſoldiers, patch [5]?
Death of thy ſoul! thoſe linen cheeks of thine
Are

4. Shakeſpear took the thought from Holinſhed. The ſame Hiſtorian informs us, that in thoſe days the Scots eat but once a day, and even then very ſparingly.

5. An appellation of contempt, alluding to the *py'd*, *patch'd*, or particoloured coats anciently worn by the fools belonging to the people of diſtinction.

Are counſellors [6] to fear. What ſoldiers, whey-face?

Ser. The *Engliſh* force, ſo pleaſe you.

Macb. Take thy face hence — *Seyton*! ——I am ſick at heart,
When I behold —— *Seyton*, I ſay! ——this puſh
Will cheer me ever, or diſ-ſeat [7] me now.
I have liv'd long enough; my way [8] of life
Is fall'n into the ſear, the yellow leaf:
And that which ſhould accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I muſt not look to have: but in their ſtead,
Curſes, not loud, but deep, mouth-honour, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.

Seyton!

Enter SEYTON.

Sey. What is your gracious pleaſure?

Macb. What news more?

Sey. All is confirmed, my lord, which was reported.

Macb. I'll fight, 'till from my bones my fleſh be hack'd;
Give me my armour.

Sey. 'Tis not needed yet.

Macb. I'll put it on.

6. They infect others who ſee them with cowardice.
7. *Thruſt me from the ſeat.*
8. JOHNSON: *May of life.* I am now paſſed from the ſpring to the autumn of my days.

Send out more horſes, ſkirr [9] the country round;
Hang thoſe that talk of fear. Give me mine armour.
How does your patient, doctor?
Doct. Not ſo ſick, my lord,
As ſhe is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
That keep her from her reſt.
Macb. Cure her of that:
Canſt thou not miniſter to a mind diſeas'd,
Pluck from the memory a rooted ſorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the brain:
And, with ſome ſweet oblivious antidote,
Cleanſe the ſtuff'd boſom of that perilous ſtuff,
Which weighs upon the heart?
Doct. Therein the patient
Muſt miniſter unto himſelf.
Macb. Throw phyſick to the dogs, I'll none of it ——
Come, put my amour on; give me my ſtaff;
Seyton, ſend out — Doctor, the *Thanes* fly from me —
Come, Sir, diſpatch — If thou could'ſt, Doctor, caſt
The water [1] of my land, find her diſeaſe,
And purge it to a ſound and priſtine health;
I would applaud thee to the very echo,
That ſhould applaud again. Pull't of, I ſay ——
What

9. i. e. *to ſcour, to ride haſtily.*
1. *To caſt the water*, to find out diſorders by the inſpection of urine.

What rhubarb, ſenna, or what purgative drug,
Would ſcour theſe *Engliſh* hence! hear'ſt thou of them?

Doct. Ay, my good lord; your royal preparation
Makes us hear ſomething.

Macb. Bring it after me;
I will not be afraid of death and bane,
'Till *Birnam* foreſt come to *Dunſinane.*

Doct. Were I from *Dunſinane* away, and clear,
Profit again ſhould hardly draw me here.

(*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Drum and Colours. Enter MALCOLM, SEYWARD, MACDUFF, SEYWARD's *Son*, MENTETH, CATHNESS, ANGUS, *and Soldiers marching.*

Mal. Couſins, I hope, the days are near at hand,
That chambers will be ſafe.

Ment. We doubt it nothing.

Seyw. What wood is this before us?

Ment. The wood of *Birnam.*

Mal. Let every ſoldier hew him down a bough,
And bear't before him; thereby ſhall we ſhadow
The numbers of our hoſt, and make diſcovery
Err in report of us.

Sol. It ſhall be done.
Seyw. We learn no other, but the confident tyrant
Keeps ſtill in *Dunſinane*, and will endure
Our ſetting down before't.
Mal. 'Tis his main hope;
For where there is advantage to be given [2],
Both more and leſs [3] have given him the revolt.
And none ſerve with him but conſtrained things,
Whoſe hearts are abſent too.
Macd. Let our juſt cenſures
Attend the true event, and put we on
Induſtrious ſoldierſhip.
Seyw. The time approaches,
That will with due deciſion make us know
What we ſhall ſay we have, and what we owe [4]:
Thoughts ſpeculative their unſure hopes relate;
But certain iſſue ſtrokes muſt arbitrate [5]:
Towards which, advance the war.
Exeunt marching.

SCENE V.

Enter MACBETH, SEYTON, *and Soldiers, with drums and colours.*

Macb. Hang out our banners on the outward walls,
The

2. JOHNSON: where there is *a 'vantage* (i. e. *opportunity*) to be gone.
3. *Greater and leſs.*
4. What our legal kings have a right to take from us.
5. *Determine.*

The cry is ſtill, *they come*: our caſtle's ſtrength
Will laugh a ſiege to ſcorn. Here let them lie,
'Till famine, and the ague, eat them up:
Were they not forc'd with thoſe that ſhould be ours,
We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,
And beat them backward home. What is this noiſe? (*A cry within of women.*

Sey. It is the cry of women, my good lord.

Macb. I have almoſt forgot the taſte of fears:
The time has been, my ſenſes would have cool'd
To hear a night-ſhriek; and my fell [6] of hair
Would at a diſmal treatiſe rouze and ſtir,
As life were in't. I have ſupt full with horrors;
Direneſs, familiar to my ſlaught'rous thoughts,
Cannot once ſtart me. Wherefore was that cry?

Sey. The queen, my lord, is dead.

Macb. She ſhould have dy'd hereafter;
There would have been a time for ſuch a word [7].
To morrow, and to morrow, and to morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,

6. *Skin. Fell of hair*, my capillitium.
7. *For ſuch an intelligence.* To ſend *word*, is, to give intelligence. JOHNSON propoſed once: — *been a time for.* — *ſuch a* WORLD!

To the laſt ſyllable of recorded time [8];
And all our yeſterdays have ligted fools
The way to duſty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking ſhadow, a poor player,
That ſtruts and frets his hour upon the ſtage,
And then is heard no more! It is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of ſound and fury,
Signifying nothing!

Enter a Meſſenger.

Thou com'ſt to uſe thy tongue: thy ſtory quickly.

Meſ. My gracious lord,
I ſhould report that which, I ſay I ſaw,
But know not how to do't.

Macb. Well, ſay it, Sir.

Meſ. As I did ſtand my watch upon the hill,
I look'd toward *Birnam*, and anon, methought,
The wood began to move.

Macb. Liar, and ſlave! (*Striking him.*

Meſ. Let me endure your wrath, if't be not ſo:
Within this three mile may you ſee it coming;
I ſay, a moving grove.

Macb. If thou ſpeak'ſt falſe,
Upon the next tree ſhalt thou hang alive,
Till famine cling [9] thee: if thy ſpeech be ſooth,

I

8. *Of the time fixed in the decrees of Heaven for the period of life.*
9. To *cling* is to *conſume.*

I care not if thou doſt for me as much. ——
I pull in [1] reſolution, and begin
To doubt the equivocation of the fiend,
That lies like truth. "Fear not, 'till *Birnam* wood
„Do come to *Dunſinane*," —— and now a wood
Comes toward *Dunſinane*. Arm, arm, and out!
If this, which he avouches, does appear,
There is nor flying hence, nor tarrying here.
I 'gin to be a-weary of the ſun;
And wiſh the ſtate o' the world were now undone. ——
Ring the alarum bell, blow wind! come, wrack!
At leaſt, we'll die with harneſs on our back.
(*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Drum and Colours. MALCOLM, SEYWARD, MACDUFF, *and their Army with boughs.*

Mal. Now, near enough; your leavy ſcreens throw down,
And ſhew like thoſe you are. You, worthy uncle,
Shall with my couſin, your right-noble ſon,
Lead our firſt battle. Worthy *Macduff* and we

1. To *pull in* is to CHECK *the confidence, to which he had* GIVEN THE REIN BEFORE.

Shall take upon's what elſe remains to do,
According to our order.
Seyw. Fare you well:
Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night,
Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.
Macd. Make all your trumpets ſpeak; give them all breath,
Thoſe clamorous harbingers of blood and death. (*Exeunt.*
(*Alarums continued.*

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. They have ty'd me to a ſtake; I cannot fly,
But, bear-like, I muſt fight the courſe. What's he,
That was not born of woman? ſuch a one
Am I to fear, or none.

Enter young SEYWARD.

Yo. Seyw. What is thy name?
Macb. Thou'lt be afraid to hear it.
Yo. Seyw. No: though thou call'ſt thyſelf a hotter name
Than any is in hell.
Macb. My name's *Macbeth.*
Yo. Seyw. The devil himſelf could not pronounce a title
More hateful to mine ear.
Macb. No, nor more fearful.
Yo. Seyw. Thou lieſt, abhorred tyrant; with my ſword
I'll prove the lie thou ſpeak'ſt.

(*Fight*

(*Fight, and young* Seyward's *ſlain.*

Macb. Thou waſt born of woman; —
But ſwords I ſmile at, weapons laugh to ſcorn,
Brandiſh'd by man that's of a woman born.
(*Exit.*

Alarums. Enter MACDUFF.

Macd. That way the noiſe is: Tyrant, ſhew thy face;
If thou be'ſt ſlain, and with no ſtroke of mine,
My wife and children's ghoſts will haunt me ſtill.
I cannot ſtrike at wretched *Kernes*, whoſe arms
Are hir'd to bear their ſtaves: either thou, *Macbeth*,
Or elſe my ſword with an unbatter'd edge
I ſheath again undeeded. There thou ſhould'ſt be: ——
By this great clatter, one of greateſt note
Seems bruited. Let me find him, fortune! and
More I beg not. (*Exit. Alarum.*

Enter MALCOLM *and* SEYWARD.

Seyw. This way, my lord, the caſtle's gently render'd:
The tyrant's people on both ſides do fight;
The noble *Thanes* do bravely in the war,
The day almoſt itſelf profeſſes yours,
And little is to do.

Mal.

Mal. We have met with foes,
That ſtrike beſide us.
Seyw. Enter, Sir, the caſtle.
(*Exeunt. Alarum.*

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. Why ſhould I play the *Roman* fool, and die
On mine own ſword? whilſt I ſee lives, the gaſhes
Do better upon them.

Enter MACDUFF.

Macd. Turn, hell-hound, turn.
Macb. Of all men elſe I have avoided thee:
But get thee back, my ſoul is too much charg'd
With blood of thine already.
Macd. My voice is in my ſword; thou bloodier villain,
Than terms can give thee out. (*Fight. Alarum.*
Macb. Thou loſeſt labour;
As eaſy may'ſt thou the intrenchant [2] air
With thy keen ſword impreſs, as make me bleed:
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable creſts;
I bear a charmed life, which muſt not yield
To one of woman born.
Macd. Deſpair thy charm!
And let the angel, whom thou ſtill haſt ſerv'd,
Tell thee, *Macduff* was from his mother's womb
Untimely ripp'd.
Macb.

2. *Which cannot be cut.*

Macb. Accurſed be that tongue, that tells me ſo!
For it hath cow'd my better part of man:
And be theſe juggling fiends no more believ'd,
That palter [3] with us in a double ſenſe;
That keep the word of promiſe to our ear,
And break it to our hope; I'll not fight with thee.

Macd. Then yield thee, coward,
And live to be the ſhew, and gaze o' the time,
We'll have thee, as our rarer monſters are,
Painted upon a pole, and under-writ,
"Here may you ſee the tyrant."

Macb. I will not yield
To kiſs the ground before young *Malcolm*'s feet,
And to be baited with the rabble's curſe.
Though *Birnam*-wood be come to *Dunſinane*,
And thou, oppos'd, being of no woman born,
Yet I will try the laſt. Before my body
I throw my warlike ſhield. Lay on *Macduff*;
And damn'd be him, that firſt cries, *hold, enough.*

(*Exeunt, fighting. Alarums.*
Reenter fighting, and Macbeth is ſlain.

Re-

3. That ſhuffle with ambiguous expreſſions.

Retreat and flouriſh. Enter with drum and colours, MALCOLM, SIWARD, ROSSE, *Thanes and Soldiers.*

Mal. I would, the friends we miſs,
were ſafe arriv'd,
Seyw. Some muſt go off: and yet by
theſe I ſee,
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.
Mal. *Macduff* is miſſing, and your noble
ſon.
Roſſe. Your ſon, my lord, has paid a
ſoldier's debt;
He only liv'd but 'till he was a man;
The which no ſooner had his proweſs con-
firm'd,
In the unſhrinking ſtation where he fought,
But like a man he dy'd.
Seyw. Then he is dead?
Roſſe. Ay, and brought off the field:
your cauſe of ſorrow
Muſt not be meaſur'd by his worth, for
then
It hath no end.
Seyw. Had he his hurts before?
Roſſe. Ay, on the front.
Seyw. Why then, God's ſoldier be
he!
Had I as many ſons as I have hairs,
I would not wiſh them to a fairer death:
And ſo his knell is knoll'd.
Mal. He's worth more ſorrow,
And that I'll ſpend for him.

Seyw.

Seyw. He's worth no more:
They ſay, he parted well, and paid his ſcore.
So, God be with him! — Here comes newer comfort.

Enter MACDUFF, *with* MACBETH's *head.*

Macd. Hail, King! for ſo thou art. Behold where ſtands
Th' uſurper's curſed head; the time is free:
I ſee thee compaſs'd with thy kingdom's peers,
That ſpeak my ſalutation in their minds:
Whoſe voices I deſire aloud with mine. —
Hail, King of *Scotland*!

All. Hail, King of *Scotland*!

(*Flouriſh.*

Mal. We ſhall not ſpend a large expence of time,
Before we reckon with your ſeveral loves,
And make us even with you. My *Thanes* and kinſmen,
Henceforth be Earls, the firſt that ever *Scotland*
In ſuch an honour nam'd. What's more to do,
Which would be planted newly with the time,
As calling home our exil'd friends abroad,
That fled the ſnares of watchful tyranny;
Producing forth the cruel miniſters

Of

Of this dead butcher, and his fiend-like queen,
Who, as 'tis thought, by self and violent hands
Took off her life; this, and what needful else
That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace,
We will perform in measure, time, and place.
So thanks to all at once, and to each one,
Whom we invite to see us crown'd at *Scone*.

Flourish. Exeunt.

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